

YANKEE DOODLE

STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

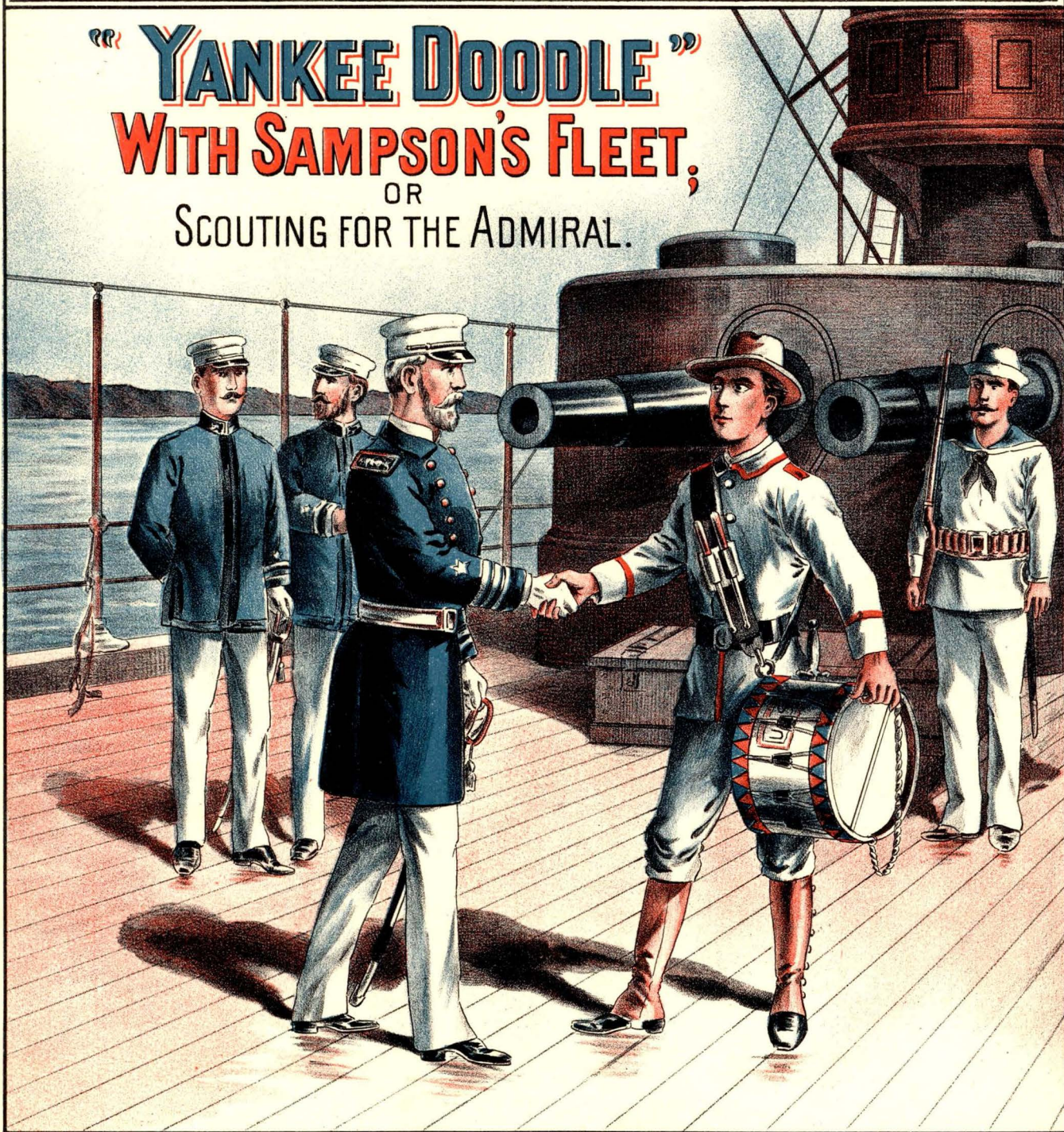
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No. 3.

NEW YORK, June 8, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

“YANKEE DOODLE” WITH SAMPSON’S FLEET; OR SCOUTING FOR THE ADMIRAL.



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OR,

SCOUTING FOR THE ADMIRAL.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE AND THE ADMIRAL ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP—THE FIRST LANDING.

WHILE the American fleet lay before Havana, blockading that port, Admiral Sampson had other ports to look after and bottle up as well, as all along the north coast of the island of Cuba were many harbors defended by mines, torpedoes and land batteries and fortifications. It was necessary that the admiral should have accurate information about these ports and the number of men defending them. To get it he had landed small parties to co-operate with the insurgents, at different times, but each attempt had failed; the party being either captured or driven back by the Spaniards. Everywhere the enemy was on the alert, with squadrons of cavalry patrolling the beach, ready to repel any landing party.

Occasionally the vessels of the fleet would drop a few shells into their midst, and send them scampering for shelter in the woods, only to return again to repel other parties.

At last the admiral sent a messenger to Gomez, commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces on the island, to ask his advice in the matter, and invite his co-operation in the attempt to land men, arms and munitions of war on the coast. The old general listened in silence to the story of the admiral's wants, and said:

"Tell him to get Yankee Doodle and turn him loose with fifty or one hundred men, Americans or Cubans, and he will soon get what he wants."

"But who is Yankee Doodle, and where can we find him?" the messenger asked.

"What! Don't you know him?" exclaimed the old warrior, looking very much surprised.

"The fleet knows little of what goes on in the army, general."

"Yes, very true," was the reply. "He is the drummer boy of a New York regiment, bears a charmed life, and can outwit the Spaniards more readily than any man I ever knew. There is an old Cuban, named Pedro, who goes with him everywhere, and between them they can worry the Spaniards into a fever any time they wish to. Send a boat to the American camp and communicate with the general on shore, near the city of Havana, and he will find him easily enough."

The messenger returned to the fleet with the old general's suggestion, and the admiral lost to time in sending a gun-boat back to the vessels in front of Havana with orders to get Yankee Doodle at once.

The next day the gun-boat returned with the drummer boy on board, and he immediately went on board the flag-ship where he met Admiral Sampson.

"So you are Yankee Doodle, eh?" as he shook his hand.

"That's what they call me, sir," was the reply; "some Cuban stuck it onto me and I guess I'll never be able to get rid of it. My name is Phil Freeman, but I fear I shall lose it altogether."

"Well, my boy," said the admiral, "it is something to be proud of, let me tell you. General Gomez advised me to send for you, saying that you were worth more for my purpose than all the officers and men of the fleet. That is praise I would feel proud of myself, admiral though I am, for Gomez is a warrior of the highest genius."

"Well, I rendered him some service once," replied the youth, "but I did not know he put such an estimate as that on me for what I had done," and then added, "I am bothered to know how I am to keep my head from swelling."

"A Spanish bullet would soon stop that," laughed the admiral, "as it is a disease that usually ends that

way in war. Keep cool and wear the same size hat all the time; you will be in no danger then. I want a man on shore who can keep me posted about the shore batteries near Cardenas, and at the same time avoid being captured himself. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Which do you prefer for that sort of work, Americans or Cubans?"

"Cubans are best for that, with a dozen or so good Americans along to show that Uncle Sam is with them."

"Very good," said the admiral, "I will call for volunteers among my men, say, a dozen. Gomez will give you all the Cubans you want when you get to him."

"That will do. I will start to-night if you can have the men ready."

"They can be ready in ten minutes, but you will want to talk with them and tell them what you expect of them."

"I want men who will obey orders. That is all they will have to do."

"Ah! You have the secret in a few words, my lad. If you need assistance I will render it promptly as soon as you let me know."

"But how can I let you know?"

"Send a man on board the nearest craft when you can, or signal for a boat to go to you."

The youth shook his head.

"That cannot very well be done, sir, with the enemy patrolling the beach all the time."

"Well, it has been a failure so far," the admiral said, "but Gomez says you are the man who can find a way to do it."

The youth laughed, saying:

"I fear the general has greatly over-rated me. It may be that we shall have to send men on board at night, sir."

Then the admiral shook his head, saying:

"Nothing is permitted to approach a vessel of the fleet at night. We have to guard against torpedoes, you know."

"But can't you tell a man from a torpedo?"

"Not very well at night, and in the water, too," laughed the admiral.

"Well, you can bet I will get news to you, even if I have to walk out on the bottom of the sea and climb up on board by a rope!"

"All right, go ahead. If you signal for a boat, I will send one ashore well armed."

"What is the signal for a boat?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"You can make your own signals. A white handkerchief waved up and down three times would do."

"I suppose it won't make any difference if the handkerchief isn't very white, would it?"

"Oh, no; any old rag will do."

"There are very few white handkerchiefs in the Cuban camp, you know." And the youth's eyes twinkled as he made the remark.

"Yes, I suppose so, as you land lubbers have not as much water around you as the marines have."

"Nor as much grub, either," suggested the youth, "and that is where it is hard with the men on shore. I could muster an army of ten thousand insurgents if I had the wherewithal to arm and feed them."

"They will be armed and fed just as soon as possible by the American government, and you can say so to General Gomez or any of his officers when you see them."

The admiral then sent an orderly for one of the lieutenants on board the ship. That officer soon put in an appearance, and was told by the admiral that he wanted a dozen good men to volunteer for duty on shore for a few days.

The lieutenant saluted and retired, leaving the admiral and Yankee Doodle alone together. They conversed half an hour or so pleasantly, when the lieutenant returned and reported that the men had volunteered, and that nearly every man on board wished to do so.

"Send them here, then," said the admiral, and again the lieutenant retired.

In a few moments the men, accompanied by the young officer, reported to the admiral, who explained to them what was wanted, and introduced them to Yankee Doodle, saying:

"This young man has seen some hard service on the island, and has been uniformly successful in performing what was required of him. I tell you this, that you may have confidence in him, and obey implicitly every order he may give you. He is to be as supreme in command on shore, as I am on board this ship."

The marines looked at Yankee Doodle in no little surprise, for he appeared to them to be entirely too young in years for old veterans like themselves to place themselves in his charge. Yankee Doodle seemed to divine their thoughts, and said:

"We are to try to evade the enemy rather than to fight him, but if we are cornered we are to do our best to avoid death or capture. It is a service required by the admiral, and one that I have already performed for the commander of the American forces on land. The Spaniards are brave, but they don't know much, and they are like all other people, do not give any more trouble after they are dead!"

Even the admiral joined in the laugh that followed this remark, and dismissed the men with orders to be ready to go ashore as soon as it was dark.

He also ordered five days' rations to be supplied to each man, after which he continued to converse with Yankee Doodle, asking him many questions about what he had seen and learned in his service, so far, on the island.

The youth gave him more practical information than he had ever received from any other source, concerning the topography and the perils of the climate of Cuba.

In that latitude, when the sun goes down the night comes on quickly, and the evening sky is thickly dot-

ted with the twinkling stars. As soon as the shadows of night had settled upon the coast, the boat was made ready for the party to go ashore. As the boat pushed off from the ship, Yankee Doodle ordered the boatswain to row some five miles to the east, saying as he gave the order:

"The enemy are doubtless right in front of us, keeping an eye on the vessels of the fleet, so we may probably find the coast clear out there on our left."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and they pulled hard and steadily in the direction ordered.

In due time the keel of the boat struck the beach, and the men sprang out and waded ashore, leaving the boat to return to the ship.

"Now, men, keep quiet and follow me," said Yankee Doodle, in low tones to the marines, and he started across the white stretch of sands to the woods, some fifty yards back from the water's edge.

He had never been on that part of the island before, and, of course, knew as little about it as the men around him; but he wished to seek a spot where it was high and dry, that the men might sleep in comfort and without endangering their health.

Once under the sombre shadow of the trees, he stopped to listen and get his bearings, while the men stood around him in perfect silence.

Suddenly they heard voices, followed by a sound of tramping horses along the beach. They listened and soon beheld in the open space between them and the water's edge, the dark forms of mounted cavalry moving along the smooth beach. Now and then they heard the hoarse call:

"*Alerta! Alerta!*"

In a few minutes they had passed away out of sight and hearing.

"We are in luck," said Yankee Doodle. "Had we been five minutes later they would have seen us, and we would have had a fight on our hands, a thing we wish to avoid as much as possible. Can any of you speak Spanish?"

"I can, sir," said one of the men, "in a way."

"Very well; then I will have need of you as an interpreter. We had now better move a little farther back in the woods and wait for daylight. At the same time one of you must remain here in the edge of the woods as a sentinel, and we must have two more out on the other side farther in the woods. At no time should we take any chances, but must be vigilant and watchful at all times."

Not knowing the men's names he simply placed his hands on the shoulders of those nearest him, telling them they were to serve first as sentinels until relieved by others. Then he led the men a little farther in the woods, where they made themselves comfortable with their blankets and lay down to sleep.

After he had slept for some hours, Yankee Doodle arose, struck a match, looked at his watch, and then awoke three of the marines and led them out to relieve the sentinels on duty. The man who had been posted next to the beach reported that three times had a scouting party of the enemy passed that way.

"That means that they are vigilant and suspect an attempt to land somewhere in this vicinity. I will take this post for an hour or two myself, as I wish to see if I can understand from their actions whether or not they suspect that a landing has been made."

Alone in the edge of the woods Yankee Doodle sat down at the foot of a tree, leaning against the trunk, looking out upon the waters as far as the gloom of the night would permit him. The low murmuring of the sea, as the little waves rolled upon the beach, was all the sound that came to his listening ears for more than an hour. Suddenly he noticed a dark form walking slowly by the water's edge, and stopping at the spot where he and the marines had left the boat. Then it slowly turned and came directly towards him. He soon made out that it was a man leaning over and scanning the ground as he made his way towards the bushes.

"He has seen our tracks and is following them," he said to himself, "and I will have to stop him in a way to prevent his giving an alarm."

He arose to his feet, drew his revolver, and awaited the approach of the unknown, who, the moment he reached the spot where he could no longer see the trail he had followed through the sand, stopped, straightened up and looked around.

Yankee Doodle stepped out in front of him with his revolver leveled at his breast, and hissed:

"Silence or death, *senor!* which is it?" The man stepped back and gasped out:

"*Caramba!*"

"Si, *senor,*" said Yankee Doodle.

"*Diablos!*"

Yankee Doodle gave a low whistle as a signal for someone to come to him, and two of the marines were quickly at his side.

"Seize that man and disarm him," he ordered, and it was quickly done. After which he asked:

"Where is the man who understands Spanish?"

"I will bring him," said one of the marines, going back to where the others were sleeping, and in a few minutes he returned with him.

"Ask this man," he said to the interpreter, "who he is, and why he is here."

The interpreter put the questions to him and the man claimed that he was a fisherman.

"That won't do," said Yankee Doodle. "A fisherman is never without his boat and fishing-tackle. You are not dressed as a fisherman and there is no smell of fish about you. Tell the truth now, or you will not live to see the sun rise to-morrow morning."

"Who are you, *senor?*" the prisoner asked.

"Never mind who I am; it is who *you* are that I want to find out. It is for me to ask questions, not you."

"Si, *senor,*" was the reply.

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle. "Are you a Spaniard or a Cuban?"

"I am a Cuban, *senor.*"

"And loyal to Spain, are you not?"

"Si, *senor.*"

"Just as I thought," returned Yankee Doodle.
 "Are you in the service of the Spanish army?"
 "No, senor; I am not a soldier, but they have forced me into service."

"Do you know the country hereabouts?"

"Si, senor."

"Do you live near here?"

"I live in Cardenas, senor."

"Are you here on foot?"

"Si, senor."

"Why so?"

"I was told to walk carefully along the beach and look for the track of landing parties."

"And you found where we disembarked?"

"Si, senor."

"Well, you must show us the way to the road leading out from Cardenas. Can you do so?"

"Si, senor."

"Very well, then. At the first sign of treachery or any Spanish trick, you will be instantly killed. Now, go on!" and he seized him by the arm, led him to where the sleeping marines lay upon the ground, and ordered him bound securely and tied to a tree, after which Yankee Doodle returned to his post to keep watch until the dawn of day. During that time two patrolling parties passed along the beach.

At the first sign of coming dawn, Yankee Doodle ordered his men up and the prisoner to guide them to the nearest road leading into Cardenas, placing a man on either side of him with a drawn revolver.

A little after sunrise they struck a road leading into Jucaro, a little town five miles east of Cardenas, and which was connected with the latter city by a railroad. The prisoner explained to the interpreter that the road led into Jucaro, and that the latter place was connected with Cardenas by a branch railroad.

Yankee Doodle, on hearing this, had a pretty correct idea of his location, from having been a close student of the map of Cuba. He well knew that there were fortifications at Jucaro, with batteries facing the sea, with which some of the gun-boats of Sampson's fleet had exchanged shots some days before.

Turning to the prisoner, he asked:

"Where does this road lead to, south?"

"To the village of Coliseo, about eight miles from here," replied the prisoner.

"Are there any Spanish soldiers there?"

"I do not know, senor, but I do not think there are any there. I heard, two days ago, that some of Gomez's men were there, and there are many of the people living there who are friends to the insurgents."

While they were talking, all standing back in the shadow of the woods, a band of horsemen were heard coming along the road from the direction of Coliseo. When the prisoner saw them he became frightened, and gasped:

"*Caramba!*"

"What is the matter?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"They are insurgents, senor," he replied, whereupon Yankee Doodle made a close inspection of the approaching party, and found they were nearly one

hundred strong, mounted on horses and mules, and armed with almost every conceivable kind of weapon from shot-guns to rifles; but every man carried a machete, proof positive that they were not Spanish soldiers.

As he was gazing at them, he was overjoyed at recognizing several old Cubans who had served with him in the battle at Calvario.

No sooner did he recognize his old friends than he sprang into the road, waved his hat above his head and cried out:

"*Cuba Libre!*"

The officer in command of the detachment stopped and glared at him, not knowing who he was. Two or three of those who did know him instantly cried out:

"Viva Yankee Doodle!"

The next moment everyone in the detachment took up the cry, making the welkin ring with it. They had heard of the exploits of the daring young American, and had long wished to see him. The officer in command rode up to him and asked:

"Are you Senor Yankee Doodle, Americano?"

"Si, Senor Capitan."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the Cuban officer, dismounting and grasping his hand. Then the marines rushed out of the woods into the road, and were instantly recognized as American seamen.

Loud shouts of "*Viva Americanos!*" went up from the Cubans who pressed around the marines shaking hands with them. Two of them, who were in charge of the prisoner, led him out into the road also, whereupon several Cubans on seeing him cried out:

"*Caramba!*"

"Death to the traitor!"

"Kill him!"

"Cut him down!"

And instantly a score of machetes were gleaming in the air above his head, threatening instant destruction.

Yankee Doodle saw the peril of his prisoner, sprang forward, and cried out:

"Hold!"

The Cuban officer ordered his men back, and Yankee Doodle explained to him how, when and where the man had been captured.

"My men know him," the captain said. "He is a traitor who has twice betrayed small parties of our people into the hands of Spaniards. I cannot save him. He is not worth being saved. He must die for the good of Cuba."

Even while he was speaking a shot was fired, and the prisoner reeled and fell dead on his face.

Yankee Doodle's eyes snapped with anger and he looked at the old Cuban in whose hands was grasped a smoking revolver.

There was a grim smile on the face of the old Cuban as he said to Yankee Doodle:

"My son is avenged, Senor Americano!"

In an instant Yankee Doodle understood. He could not utter a word of reproach to the father who had

avenged the death of his son. He grasped the hand of the old Cuban, saying :

"It is well, senor."

The body was dragged into the woods and quickly buried. Then the entire party disappeared in the dense forest to avoid being seen on the highway, and there Yankee Doodle explained to the Cuban officer the object of his mission on shore, with the marines accompanying him.

The Cuban officer grasped his hand, saying :

"Senor Yankee Doodle, his excellency, General Gomez, sent me in quest of you, saying that the American admiral would send you ashore in a few days. I am to receive orders from you, and place this detachment at your command."

"That was kind of the general," said Yankee Doodle, "and I thank him heartily in the name of the admiral for his prompt service. But, as you are familiar with the country hereabouts, I must beg you to guide and assist me so far as in your power."

"Si, senor, that I will gladly do," replied the officer. "My men have all heard of you, indeed, every man in the general's camp has known of the exploits of the young Americano, and, were you to visit the general's headquarters, they would give you a reception that would make glad your heart."

"I should be glad to see the general again," said Yankee Doodle. "I was with him in the great battle in front of Havana, and recognized him as one of the greatest generals of the age."

"Thank you, Senor Yankee Doodle. You say you wish to get information of the forts and other defenses of Cardenas, and the number of men in them?"

"That is just what I want, Senor Capitan."

"I have a crude drawing of all the batteries and fortifications in and about Jucaro," said the Cuban, "made by one of our men after passing through all of them."

"Have you got those drawings with you, capitan?"

"Si, senor." And the Cuban thrust his hand into a side pocket of his coat and drew forth a package of papers. Yankee Doodle took the one handed to him, opened it, carefully scanned the drawings and found that, crude as they were, they were accurate. He studied them in silence for ten minutes or so, and remarked to the captain :

"These were made by a man who is a close observer?"

"Yes," said the officer, "and he did not draw a line until after he was away, as it would be certain death to be caught with pencil and paper in his possession in such a place."

"Then he certainly has a good memory."

"Yes, indeed," assented the Cuban.

"Is that man with you here?"

"Si, senor," and he turned and beckoned to a rough-looking old Cuban who was armed with a machete and shot-gun. The Cuban came up to him and the captain called him by name, saying to him :

"Juan, Senor Yankee Doodle says that your map is well done."

"Thanks, senor," said the old man; "I did the best I knew how."

"No man can do more," said Yankee Doodle. "You are a native Cuban?"

"Si, senor."

"And you understand the Spanish language perfectly?"

"Si, senor."

"Do you think you could make a map of the forts and batteries of Cardenas?"

"I think so, senor."

"I see you speak English well."

"Yes," he laughed, speaking in English; "I speak French also."

"Do you know how to disguise yourself so that your friends won't know you?"

Juan said he did.

"Well, then," said Yankee Doodle, "you are just the man I want. Will you make a drawing of the works in and about Cardenas for me?"

"I will try to, senor."

"Good!" said Yankee Doodle, grasping his hand. "When you do, and place it in my hands, I will place one hundred dollars in gold in yours."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT ON THE JUCARO ROAD.

HAVING made the necessary arrangements with Juan, Yankee Doodle instructed him to be in readiness to go to Cardenas that evening, if not sooner.

Then Yankee Doodle turned to the Cuban officer, whose name was Masso, and questioned him as to where they would be safest from interruption by the Spanish forces whilst waiting Juan's return from Cardenas.

"That's easy," said Masso. "Just now the Spaniards are watching the beach all around the island to prevent landing parties from the fleet getting a foothold anywhere. If we keep away from the beach we will not be disturbed, unless we should run into some foraging parties. Since the blockade began the Spaniards are nearly as empty-handed in the way of provisions as we are; hence they are driven to the necessity of seizing provisions wherever they can find them. I think that if we get back in the neighborhood of Coliseo we will not have any trouble whatever with the enemy, unless we make the mistake of stopping too long in one place. While the people of Coliseo are mostly our friends, there are others who secretly keep the Spaniards informed of our movements."

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle, "I have had some experience in that line when we dared sleep twice in some places."

"So have I," said Masso, "yet I have heard that you inflicted some severe punishment on the detachment of cavalry."

"Oh, yes," laughed Yankee Doodle, "when we found a good chance to do so, we ambushed them and knocked out a goodly number of them, and the others

would run back to the city and tell Blanco that they had licked us out of our boots."

"Ah!" said Masso, "they never admit defeat."

"Nevertheless," returned Yankee Doodle, "they have had to submit to some very severe ones. If you think we had better move from here, we are ready to go with you. Where were you going when we met you?"

"We were simply looking for you," was the reply.

"Very good," said Yankee Doodle. "Have your men had a fight lately?"

"No, senor."

"Would they like to have one?"

"I think they would if they could get the best of it."

"How many soldiers are at Jucaro?"

"Only a regiment or two, I think. I know there is a regiment of cavalry there engaged in patrolling the beach."

"Then we will have a go at some of this cavalry, and I don't know of a better place than right here in these woods."

Masso looked at him inquiringly, and remarked:

"But the enemy is not here."

"We must make him come out," said Yankee Doodle.

"How can we?" asked Masso.

"How many men have you in your command?"

"About one hundred," was the reply.

"Well, I have twelve men from the ship; send about a score up to Jucaro and let them dash at the cavalry, fire a few shots and then fall back, showing themselves plainly so that the enemy can see how many there are of them. Naturally, one or two companies will be sent in hot pursuit of them, and they must keep in sight of them on the retreat and lead them down the road by us here. They must go on past us as though they had no knowledge of our presence in these woods. As the enemy comes up unconscious of our presence, we ought to knock over fifty, sixty or eighty of them at the first volley. That is, if your men know how to shoot.

"Oh, they can shoot very well at such close quarters," said Masso.

"Very well, then," continued Yankee Doodle, "when they find themselves knocked out by a single volley, the survivors always make haste to get away, and of those who fall, their horses and arms generally remain with them. We can gather them up and get out of the way long before reinforcements can come. This is the only way, capitan, to fight a superior enemy in detail. Now, select your men, about twenty of them, and explain to them what they are to do."

Masso lost no time in doing so, and instantly every Cuban became highly elated over the prospect of a fight, and as for the marines, they were jubilant, and one of them said to his comrades:

"Say, mates, it is funny that we have to go ashore to get a fight."

"So it is," said another one, "but I am glad to get one ashore or afloat."

"But," said a third, "we have no arms but revolvers."

"They are good enough at short range," said Yankee Doodle, overhearing them.

"Ay, ay, sir, so they are," exclaimed the whole dozen.

"We will get their rifles after the fight," remarked Yankee Doodle.

In less than thirty minutes after receiving instructions, the detachment of twenty men remounted and rode off in the direction of Jucaro. As soon as they were out of sight Yankee Doodle turned to the others and explained, in a clear, simple way, that the secret of success in that kind of warfare was in the accuracy of aim. Said he:

"Never pull the trigger until you have aimed and are sure of your man. At close quarters every shot should count. Now, when these Spaniards rush by us in pursuit of those who have just gone forward, you are to remain concealed in these bushes and perfectly silent, holding your arms in readiness for the signal to fire. That signal will not be given until the whole line of Spaniards is in front of us; then I will call out *Cuba Libre!* That will be the signal, and you must continue to shoot as long as a Spaniard is in range. Now, take your horses back behind us in the woods, tie them securely to the limbs of trees, and remain concealed yourselves so that your presence here may not be suspected by any one passing."

They promptly obeyed every order, after which three men were sent out along the road about a mile away as scouts, to give notice of the approach of any horseman coming from the direction of Jucaro.

Some four hours passed, during which time the men in ambush were quietly talking among themselves in rather low tones of voice, while Yankee Doodle and Masso were exchanging views on the military situation.

In due time the scouts came riding back at full speed and reported that the first detachment sent out were returning pursued by the cavalry. Instantly Yankee Doodle called the men to their posts again, instructing them not to fire or speak or make any noise whatever until he should give the signal.

Several minutes passed when the men came dashing by, keeping on down the road at a pretty rapid speed. Just a few minutes later a company of Spanish cavalry came dashing by in hot pursuit of them. They were within twenty feet of the men concealed in the bushes by the roadside, and when they were all in front of the concealed men, Yankee Doodle sang out:

"*Cuba Libre!*"

Just a second or two later a withering volley burst from the bushes, and fully two score of Spaniards tumbled from their saddles, their horses immediately wheeled and blockaded the road so that those behind them could not advance. But those in the rear were so appalled by the terrible destruction of the fire, that they had no desire to press forward, and a few scattering shots was all that was required to send them scampering back whence they came. It was all over

in the space of two or three minutes, and the Cubans burst from the woods and commenced the work of death with their machetes, cutting down those who had not been killed by the volley.

Yankee Doodle, utterly horrified at the barbarity of killing wounded men, fiercely ordered them to cease fighting; he even threatened with his revolver to fire on some of the Cubans who failed to understand his orders. Captain Masso rushed to his side and in a loud voice ordered them to cease. The Cubans seemed very much astonished at not being permitted to kill the wounded.

"We are not savages!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle. "Only savages strike a man when he is down."

"But they do us that way," sung out a fierce old Cuban, with a dripping machete in his hand.

"That is no excuse for us," returned Yankee Doodle. "It is the savagery of Spain that has lost her all of her colonies. You must strike no man after he ceases to fight, but make him a prisoner."

"We cannot feed prisoners," said Masso, the Cuban captain.

"Then turn them loose on parole," said Yankee Doodle.

"They do not respect their parole."

"Very true," returned Yankee Doodle, "but we must not forget to make the world respect us. No man in my command shall behave like a savage if I can prevent it. Gather up the arms and horses and any other valuables that you may find among them out there; then we must get away. Their friends will come out to reinforce them, and will bury their dead and take away their wounded; this relieves us of the task of attending to them ourselves. The fact that we have lost nothing—not a man hurt—should make us satisfied with leaving the wounded unharmed."

That was all new to the Cubans. They had been in the habit of neither giving nor receiving quarter from the enemy, yet they were so elated over the victory they had obtained without loss to themselves, that they were satisfied to promptly obey Yankee Doodle's orders.

Just before they were ready to start in the direction of Coliseo, the twenty men who had drawn out the cavalry from Jucaro came riding back, eager to take part in the fight. Some of them were really angry on finding that the fight was over and they had not been able to strike a blow for Cuba.

"What is the matter with you?" cried Yankee Doodle. "You fellows struck the hardest blow in this fight; you led the enemy into the trap that proved his destruction; you are as much entitled to the credit of the victory as any of the rest of us."

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" cried the Cubans, and the marines joined in making the welkin ring with their cheers. Each one of them had brought down his man, and some of them had brought down two or more. It was a new style of fight for them, and they enjoyed it hugely. One of them called Yankee Doodle "commodore," and swore he would navigate the woods with him for the rest of the voyage.

"Now, capitan," said Yankee Doodle, turning to Masso, "you can lead the way back to Coliseo if you wish, but be sure to keep in touch with our friend who has gone into Cardenas."

"Oh, Juan will have no trouble in finding us," said Masso.

The men soon mounted, and the whole detachment started southward, leaving the dead and wounded where they had fallen, knowing that the Spaniards would return with reinforcements and attend to them. At the same time a party of ten scouts were left behind to watch the movements of the enemy when he should appear, and to send word to the command if the enemy persisted in pursuing them in the direction they had taken.

It was a two hours' ride to Coliseo, and when they arrived there the village was thrown into considerable excitement by the report of the fight which had just taken place. Men, women and children were jubilant, and brought water and fruit for the soldiers. They were eager to see and shake hands with Yankee Doodle, the young American, of whom they had heard so much. They were surprised to find him a youth of scarcely eighteen years. They had heard that Uncle Sam had sent his army and fleet to help Cuba expel the Spaniards from the island, but they had been so often deceived that they could scarcely believe it until they beheld the twelve marines marching shoulder to shoulder behind Yankee Doodle. Then many of them shed tears of joy, knowing that these brave fellows represented the Stars and Stripes of the greatest republic the world has ever seen. Some of the old women ran up and kissed the hands of Yankee Doodle and of some of the marines.

"Captain," said Yankee Doodle to Masso, "it will not do for us to camp here in the village to-night."

"Why not, senor?" the captain asked.

"Because the Spanish cavalry being reinforced, will swoop down upon the village and destroy it. If we get away, they will come in search of us and maybe leave the village unharmed. We should save the women and children as much trouble as possible."

"Si, senor," said the captain, "you are right. We will go to the spring three miles east of the village, where there are huts that will protect us from the heavy dews."

"That is just the place we want," said Yankee Doodle, "so we had better go away as quickly as we can."

They remained in the village but a single hour, and marched away in the direction of the well-known spring three miles east from the village.

Each of the marines had secured a splendid Mauser rifle and twenty rounds of ammunition as his share of the spoils of the fight. They were very proud of their trophies, and as each one was a skilled shot, they were extremely anxious to have another chance at the enemy, and frequently asked Yankee Doodle if he would give them another show.

"See here, mates," said Yankee Doodle, "I would

not have one of you fellows get knocked over by a Spanish bullet for my good right arm. Just keep quiet and let me manage this thing, and if there is a chance to give you some fighting I will do it. I would not give one of you fellows for twenty dead Spaniards, and in what fighting we do, I want all the dead to be on the other side, not on ours!"

"Ay, ay, sir," they laughed, "so we do."

"Well, I think we have done very well for the first day. Maybe we will have another chance to-morrow. We cannot win this fight in a week or a month."

When they reached the spring, they found quite a number of thatched huts on the hill-side overlooking the spring, and the detachment immediately took possession of them. The spring at the foot of the hill was a bold one, giving forth a stream of pure, clear crystal water, and the day being extremely warm, everyone was eager to quench his thirst.

By the assistance of Captain Masso, Yankee Doodle again sent out five men towards the village, instructing them to keep out of sight of the villagers, and to keep a strict watch on everyone coming and going. He informed them that the safety of the camp depended altogether upon the vigilance of the scouts who were sent out to watch the movements of the enemy.

Said he:

"If the enemy should rush on us when we were not expecting him, we would suffer at their hands just as they suffered at ours this day. We have a saying in America—'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,'—and a prudent soldier will take no chances of a surprise when the enemy is within striking distance of him. So under no circumstances should you ever remain an hour in camp without sentinels and scouts all around, to give notice of the approach of the enemy."

The Cubans were surprised at the frank manner in which the young American explained to them the art of war. It increased their confidence in him to a marvelous degree, and gave them a feeling of comradeship with him that they had never felt before towards any officer under whom they had served.

Masso himself was surprised at his revealing his plans to the soldiers under him, and remarked it to Yankee Doodle.

"Why, I have revealed no plans to them," replied Yankee Doodle. "I have simply explained to them how to be safe in camp, and make them masters of the art of war. When soldiers have confidence in their leaders, their leaders can depend on them in the hour of deepest peril; for they will obey orders, and stand by him in the last ditch, if necessary."

The men at once proceeded to prepare their meals, and, after they had satisfied their hunger, they lay down to rest so as to be prepared for any emergency that might arise. Night soon came on, but there were no lights in the camp, as Yankee Doodle had warned them the Spaniards were thirsting for revenge, and would leave no stone unturned to get it. Sentinels were placed at all four sides of the camp,

and told that they would be relieved every two hours through the night.

CHAPTER III.

YANKEE DOODLE DOES SOME LIVELY WORK ON THE BEACH.

NOTHING occurred during the night to disturb the slumbers of the men, and the morning found them quite refreshed. Yankee Doodle thought it was best to remain there until the afternoon, hoping that he would hear from Juan by that time.

In the meantime he sent messengers to the village three miles away with instructions to gather all the news possible. It was a wise precaution on his part, for in the middle of the afternoon a force of some five hundred Spanish cavalry swooped down upon the village. The scouts instantly returned to camp with the news, and ten minutes later the marines and Cubans, under the guidance of Captain Masso, were marching in a northerly direction through the woods. In less than an hour after their departure a battalion of Spanish cavalry reached the spring. It was easy for them to see the trail that led into the woods, and easier still for them to see the impossibility of following it.

The insurgents had again escaped the Spaniards.

"Capitan," asked Yankee Doodle of the Cuban captain, "Juan can find us, I suppose, no matter where we go?"

"Si, senor; he can trail like a bloodhound."

"Well, then, all we need to do is to avoid the enemy," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor, unless we wish to fight."

"Which we ought never to do unless sure of whipping them. Were our forces in any way equal to those of the cavalry, we would have given them a fight at the spring. We are now going northward, which will bring us near the coast again. Just as soon as Juan returns with what he went after, it must be sent to the fleet."

Night again came on, and found them still in the great forest near a running stream, and they remained there until noon of the following day, by which time scouts had come in from Coliseo, and reported that the cavalry had returned to Jucaro after shooting a few Cubans in the village on suspicion of having befriended the insurgents.

"I cannot understand," said Yankee Doodle, "why the men of Cuba will quietly remain in their homes for the Spanish cavalry to come and slay them. It is safer for them to join one army or the other."

"Si, senor," said Masso, "the barbarity of the Spaniards has forced many recruits into our ranks who otherwise would not have joined us."

Just as they were about to resume the march, the old Cuban, Juan, came into camp. He lost no time in reporting to Yankee Doodle, and handed to him a crude, yet quite accurate drawing of all the batteries and fortifications in and around Cardenas. Yankee Doodle examined the map very minutely, and asked questions which the old Cuban answered very frankly, explaining some things that were not quite clear as he

had drawn them. Yankee Doodle noted down his explanations in pencil on the paper, after which he consulted aside with Masso, asking him if he were familiar with the locality about Cardenas.

The captain declared that he knew every foot of ground in that vicinity.

"Then," said Yankee Doodle, "you ought to know whether this map is correct or not."

"Let me examine it," said Masso, and he took the paper and scanned it in silence for several minutes, after which he returned it to Yankee Doodle, with:

"It is correct in every particular, senor, for I recognize every spot he has here marked."

Yankee Doodle then beckoned to Juan, and the old Cuban went to his side.

"Senor Juan," he said, "I thank you, in the name of Admiral Sampson, for what you have done. Here are one hundred dollars in gold which I promised you; it has been well earned."

And he handed over the gold to the old Cuban, whose eyes glittered as the yellow metal rested in his palm. It was more money than he had seen since the war began.

"Senor Juan," said Yankee Doodle, "I would like to have you go with me on board the fleet, for I think we shall have need of you again."

"I will go, senor," said the old Cuban.

"Thank you," returned Yankee Doodle, who then turned to Masso, with:

"Now, capitan, we will see if we can reach the coast before the sun goes down. We are strong enough, I think, to repel any attempt of the patrol along the beach to interfere with us. If it is possible rations will be sent on shore for your command, to enable you to continue in the vicinity and keep a strict lookout for signals from the fleet to protect landing parties."

"We will gladly do so, senor, for it promises us two things we most desire—rations and active service."

The woods were so dense as to make their progress extremely slow, but the Cuban guides seemed to be endowed with animal instinct in making their way in any direction they wished to go.

A little before sunset they came in sight of the sea, and at once went into camp a few rods distant from the beach, yet still concealed in the woods.

At some eight miles from the shore lay the American gun-boat. Yankee Doodle took from his pocket a white handkerchief, and standing alone out in the open, waved it up and down as high as he could reach three times, after which he stepped back under cover of the woods.

Half an hour later, on seeing no movement from the gun-boat, he again stepped out and repeated the signal. Then again. As darkness was coming on, with a last hope that his signal might be seen, he repeated it a third time, and, a few minutes later, the gathering gloom of night obscured his view so completely, that the gun-boat could no longer be seen.

Then, turning to Masso, he remarked:

"Senor Capitan, we must wait here and watch, for under cover of darkness they may send in a boat."

Immediately the party went into camp; sentinels were placed at all points of the compass to prevent the possibility of surprise by the enemy.

No fires were lighted, and for three hours Yankee Doodle himself remained in the edge of the woods on the lookout for a boat on the beach.

Several times he sent one of the Cubans down to the water's edge, to listen for the sound of oars or for the tramp of horsemen on the beach. Suddenly he came running back, saying:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, a boat is coming, and so are the cavalry!"

"Are you sure?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor, sure of both."

"Then watch the cavalry, and see if you can find out their strength."

They both listened in silence for some minutes, and then a patrol of some fifty or more Spanish cavalry came leisurely along the beach, their sabers clanking, and the hum of conversation being plainly heard. The noise made by the patrol was such as to render impossible the noise of the oars of the coming boat to be heard.

He let the patrol pass, and when they were gone beyond sight and hearing, the sound of the oars was plainly heard.

Then Yankee Doodle, summoning the twelve marines to his side, with the Cuban captain, they marched down to the water's edge, and waited for the boat to strike the beach.

To his surprise, Yankee Doodle found that the boat was so full of marines that there was not room for more than two or three of his party to return in it to the gun-boat. Turning to the marines, he said:

"Comrades, you will have to remain here with our Cuban friends until I see the admiral, or else send in a boat for you. Keep well back out of sight in the woods, and do not let the cavalry know of your presence here, unless you are attacked; then destroy them quickly, and change position to avoid being found again by any other force that may be sent in quest of you. You catch my idea, do you not, Senor Capitan?"

"Si, senor," responded Masso.

"Then I will leave you here," and he shook hands with the entire party, and accompanied by old Juan, entered the boat and ordered the men to row back to the gun-boat with all possible speed.

Within an hour of the time of leaving the boat they were alongside the gun-boat. On reaching the deck he found an officer there whom he did not know, and reported to him who he was and the mission on which he had been ashore at the request of the admiral.

"Then you ought to see the admiral," said the captain of the gun-boat, "and as quickly as possible."

"Right out there where I met the boat," said Yankee Doodle, "are twelve of the admiral's marines, and about one hundred brave Cubans to whom I have

promised rations for the assistance they have rendered us. It is for you to judge whether to make my promise good, or to send back for the marines who are still ashore."

"I will send them two or three days' rations," said the captain, "and await orders from the admiral."

"Where is the admiral?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"He is out there in front of Cardenas, or was, during the day."

"How can I get to him?"

"I will signal to him that you are on board here."

And a few minutes later, electric light signals flashed over the waters in the direction of the fleet. They were soon answered some miles away by similar lights.

"The admiral directs me to bring you aboard," said the captain, "so I will have to defer sending rations ashore until I have done so."

The gun-boat at once steamed away, and in a little while was alongside the flag-ship of the fleet.

Yankee Doodle was put aboard immediately on the arrival of the gun-boat, accompanied by Juan, and reported to the admiral, saying, as he handed him the papers prepared for him by the old Cuban:

"I believe these are what you want, sir."

The admiral led him and Juan to his room, ordered them to be seated by his table, spread out the papers and began to scrutinize them closely.

"Juan here," said Yankee Doodle, "is the man who made the drawings, admiral, and he can answer any question you choose to put to him concerning any point not made clear to you by his map."

"It is a very good drawing, considering he is not a draughtsman," said the admiral, as he looked over the map. And he proceeded at once to question the old Cuban about points which he marked with his pencil as to what kind of guns were mounted at each place, and how many men were there; how high the breastworks were, and the nature of the material used in their construction.

The old Cuban answered them to his satisfaction, and made clear many things by his explanation that were not understood from the drawings he had handed in. Then the admiral studied the map in profound silence for many minutes, after which he said to Yankee Doodle:

"This is the best work we have had done on this coast. General Gomez was right when he said that you were the man for the work. Did you see any cavalry along the beach?"

"Yes, sir," replied Yankee Doodle. All through the night patrols traversed the beach for many miles. In the daytime they had not had so much patrolling because they can see so far with glasses or with the natural eye. Not five minutes before the beach was reached by the boat from the gun-boat, a company of cavalry passed between us and the water. The dozen marines that you sent with me had to be left on shore with about one hundred Cubans, because there was no room for them in the boat. I instructed them to

remain ashore until they could be sent for, and they are there concealed in the woods waiting for rations which I had promised them."

"Ah," said the admiral, "that is something they are in need of, I guess."

"Very much so, indeed, sir," said Yankee Doodle.

"They must have them," remarked the admiral. "Can they be landed under cover of night, with the patrols passing so frequently?"

"If you will let me have the gun-boat for a few hours, admiral," said Yankee Doodle, "I will not only land rations for them, but I will destroy one or two of those squads of cavalry."

The admiral smiled, and said:

"I will instruct the captain of the gun-boat to render you all the assistance you may need, but I cannot turn the command of it over to you."

"Of course not," laughed Yankee Doodle; "I do not expect that. I will say this, though, that if I had command of your fleet I would wipe Cardenas off the face of the earth before noon to-morrow."

"So would I," remarked the admiral, "if it was left to my discretion; but I have to follow orders, which is the first duty of a soldier or a seaman."

"I understand that, sir," said Yankee Doodle. "I am ready to return ashore with the gun-boat."

The admiral at once gave the captain of the gun-boat instructions to land Yankee Doodle again on the coast, and if, in his judgment it was necessary to do so, open fire on any forces of the enemy that appeared upon the beach. Yankee Doodle then returned on board the gun-boat, which immediately steamed away in the direction of the point where the marines and Cubans had been left.

On the way Yankee Doodle consulted with the captain of the gun-boat, and said to him:

"Captain, your search-light can sweep the beach, can it not?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "for many miles."

"Well, then," said Yankee Doodle, "when you get up within a mile or so of the beach, I would like to have you throw the search-light along the shore to see if any of the patrols are in sight. Also to find out the exact spot where I left my men."

"Do you know the spot?" the captain asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are three big trees standing close together right where they are encamped."

"Ah, I remember those trees," said the captain, "as I noticed them a number of times to-day through the glass from the deck of the gun-boat."

"Well, I want to find that spot, so that we can know exactly where my men are, and thus avoid firing into them by mistake. If we can catch a squadron of cavalry to the right or the left of that place and open fire on them with our rapid-fire gun, we might drive them in on my men who would carve them up handsomely, and finish those whom the guns did not get."

"So you want to fight, do you?" the captain asked.

"Every day in the week, captain," was the reply,

"if I can pick up a fight that I can win! I try to avoid any fight that I am not certain of winning."

"Very wise," remarked the captain, dryly.

"Yes, I think so, particularly where there is an enemy superior in arms and numerical strength. Now, get your rations into the boat ready to send ashore."

The rations were soon placed in the boat, but, before it started, the search-light flashed along the coast for three or four miles to the right and left, and soon the three trees were discovered.

"Ah," said Yankee Doodle, "they are out there," pointing in the direction of the three trees.

"Yes, that's the spot," assented the captain, and the search-light was turned to the right in the direction of Cardenas.

In a little while a body of Spanish cavalry was seen, probably the same one which had passed in front of Yankee Doodle's men before he went aboard.

"How far away are they, captain?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"About three miles," was the reply.

"Oh, that's too far off, we must let them come closer. Now, how far are we from the nearest point of land out there?"

"A little over a mile," was the reply.

"Can we get in any closer?"

"Oh, yes, we can get within a half mile."

"Then let us do so."

The gun-boat steamed slowly in to within a half mile of the beach, and the boat started at once with its rations for the marines and Cubans on shore.

When they were within a few hundred yards of the beach, the search-light revealed the Spanish cavalry riding at full speed, and in the direction of the spot where the boat was to land.

At a signal from Yankee Doodle the rapid-fire gun opened on them, pouring a volley of one thousand bullets a minute into their midst, destroying nearly one-half of them; the balance scampering panic-stricken to the shelter of the woods.

Then the boat glided forward to the beach and Yankee Doodle sprang ashore, signaling to his men to come down out of the woods.

They swarmed around him in a few minutes, and the rations were quickly carried ashore.

The search-light glared steadily on the woods at the spot where the Spanish cavalry had disappeared, leaving Yankee Doodle's party well protected by the darkness. The light thrown upon the Spaniards rendered it impossible for them to see even a few paces any object not in the line of light.

"Say, boys, just look at those men and horses out there."

And he pointed to the two score of men and horses dead and wounded, that had been brought down by the rapid-fire gun in the space of about two minutes.

"Those rapid-fire guns can destroy a regiment of one thousand men in about five minutes, if they are exposed where they can be seen. There are pistols

and sabers and other things out there for us, and we must get them; but I do not know whether the cavalry are close enough in those woods out there to fire on us, should we undertake to gather them."

"I don't think they have courage enough to fire at anything after such destruction as that," remarked Captain Masso.

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "if you think so, let us send about twenty-five or thirty of our party to gather them up, while the rest of us will march up, under cover of darkness, keeping just outside of the line of light, ready to fire on the cavalry should they attack."

Masso agreed, and the order was given. About thirty Cubans ran forward about an eighth of a mile, and secured the arms and other things of value from the dead and wounded Spaniards, while the rest of the command went forward, keeping close to the edge of the woods.

But not a shot did the Spaniards fire. They were utterly demoralized, and had not only sought the shelter of the woods, but had plunged in deeper for safety.

"Now, capitán," said Yankee Doodle to Masso, "I will return to the boat with our friends here, and leave you to hover around this point on the lookout for signals. We may return to you to-morrow or the next day, so keep a good watch and avoid a fight if possible."

He then shook hands with the Cuban captain, and, with the marines, marched back to where the boat awaited them. Half an hour later they were aboard the gun-boat.

Yankee Doodle grasped the hand of the gun-boat captain, exclaiming:

"Captain, if I had one thousand men and a half dozen of those rapid-fire guns, with plenty of ammunition, I believe I could march the entire length of the island, bidding defiance to the whole Spanish army. It is the greatest thing ever invented—that rapid-fire gun. You had laid out forty or fifty men and horses in less than two minutes; and if they had had an open place to cross of two hundred yards instead of two hundred feet, I do not believe that a man of them could have got away. I am going to ask the admiral to let me have a gun-boat for this sort of work."

CHAPTER IV.

YANKEE DOODLE PERFORMS A DARING SERVICE.

As soon as he was on board the gun-boat they steamed away in the direction of the fleet. The night was too dark for anything to be seen fifty yards away; but occasionally a flash-light from the flag-ship enabled the gun-boat to make direct for that vessel. When she was reached Yankee Doodle went aboard with the captain to report to the Admiral.

"Everything is all right, sir," said Yankee Doodle. "We landed the rations and brought back with us the twelve marines whom you loaned me."

"Very good," said the admiral. "But I heard some firing."

"Yes," replied Yankee Doodle. "We came near destroying a company of Spanish cavalry on patrol duty. We caught them on shore by the search-light and opened on them with a rapid fire gun. Had the beach been a clear stretch of two hundred yards to the woods instead of two hundred feet, I don't believe a man of them would have gotten away. As it was, we got about half of them, and the others were so demoralized they never fired a shot at the Cubans, who gathered up the arms of those who had fallen. A Cuban officer, Captain Masso, with about one hundred soldiers has remained along the shore and will be within reach whenever you need him, provided he can be supplied with rations."

"That's very good," said the admiral.

"Yes, sir," returned Yankee Doodle; "they have been compelled heretofore to hustle more for something to eat than to find and fight the enemy."

"But is he strong enough to sustain himself?" the admiral asked.

"It isn't so much a question of strength, admiral, as it is ability to dodge the enemy. The enemy dare not enter the woods in pursuit of them; so between Masso's force and one of the gun-boats, I could make that stretch of beach out there so hot for those Spanish patrols at night they would soon cease to show themselves upon it."

The admiral seemed a bit surprised, and turned to the captain of the gun-boat, asking:

"What do you think of it, captain?"

"I can only say that it was a complete success to-night, sir," replied the captain, "and no one on our side was hurt."

"Do you think his suggestion is a good one?"

"I do, sir," was the reply.

After some further conversation, the admiral turned to the old Cuban, Juan, and asked him a great many questions. The old patriot knew every foot of ground along the north coast of the island for over one hundred miles east of Cardenas, and gave the admiral so much information about the bays and inlets and the population, that he made up his mind to keep him employed as a spy or scout for the fleet.

It was now about midnight and Yankee Doodle and old Juan were assigned quarters, to which they at once retired.

When they arose in the morning the flag-ship had changed position, and was nearer Matanzas than Cardenas. At a number of places the Spaniards were seen hard at work erecting new batteries. Twice during the day a few shells were dropped, which caused an immediate flight of the Spaniards from exposed positions. Quite late in the afternoon the flag-ship turned eastward again and passed Cardenas before sunset.

At a certain spot, about half way between Cardenas and the town of Jucaro, a signal from the edge of the wood was seen by the second officer, who was scanning the coast with a spy-glass. He reported it immediately to the admiral, who at once took the glass

from the officer and leveled it in the direction indicated. He soon saw the signal repeated.

"Send Yankee Doodle here," he said, to the lieutenant, and a few moments later the young American was by his side.

"I wish to ask you," he said to Yankee Doodle, "whether or not you instructed Captain Masso or any of his men in the code of signals which I gave to you yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," Yankee Doodle replied.

"Then," remarked the admiral, "that must be one of Masso's men out there who is signaling to us; but it is a dangerous place to send a boat ashore, as it is but a short distance from there to either Cardenas or Jucaro, and any boat going in would be sure to be attacked."

"Will you let me look at him, admiral?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Certainly," replied the admiral, handing him the glass.

Yankee Doodle gazed at the spot where the waving white handkerchief had been seen, for some ten minutes or more, after which he handed the glass back to the admiral, saying:

"The signal is all right; but I can't make out the man."

"Could you recognize any man at that distance?"

"I might if I could get a good view of him."

"Well," said the admiral, "how can we communicate with that fellow?"

"By sending a boat ashore," replied Yankee Doodle.

"But it would be sending men into the jaws of death."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Yankee Doodle. "Those cavalry patrols have no search-light, and they cannot see an object on the water one hundred yards from shore at night. Send a boat that close to the beach, and let it stop there, and old Juan and I will let ourselves down into the water very quietly and swim ashore."

The admiral looked at him in astonishment, and shook his head, saying:

"That is very dangerous, my young friend."

"Oh, that is nothing," laughed Yankee Doodle. "Nothing but old age can kill me."

"Well, remember, it is your choice, not mine," remarked the admiral, who at once proceeded to give orders for a boat to go ashore as soon as it was well dark.

About two hours later a boat was lowered with a dozen men at the oars, and Yankee Doodle and old Juan set out with them for the shore. On the way Yankee Doodle explained to the boatswain, commander of the boat, that he wished to swim ashore when they were within seventy-five or one hundred yards of it, and that the boat should remain in waiting for signals from him; and he explained what signals he would use.

"By that means," said he, "you will avoid being seen and fired into by the patrol."

In due time the boat reached a point from which the white beach could be seen, and as no moving object was visible, Yankee Doodle and Juan jumped into the water and swam towards the beach. They had not made many strokes ere they discovered that the water was shallow enough for them to walk forward. When they reached the shore both of them ran at the top of their speed to the edge of the woods some sixty or seventy yards away. Under the shadow of the forest they stopped to listen, waiting some twenty minutes or more ere they heard any movement whatever. Then they saw a patrol of Spanish cavalry pass between them and the water.

"We got here just in time, Juan," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor," assented the old Cuban.

Then they waited for the patrols to pass out of hearing before moving from their position. They walked along the edge of the wood eastward for about one hundred yards, when old Juan suddenly clutched Yankee Doodle's arm, and pulled him down to a crouching position.

Yankee Doodle was quick to scent danger, and, with his hand on his revolver, he listened to low voices back in the woods a few paces distant.

Suddenly old Juan whispered to him:

"Wait here, senor," and then crept away on all fours into the bushes on his right.

Yankee Doodle waited some ten minutes or so, each minute seeming like an hour in duration. But he had faith in the old patriot's fidelity, and knew that he would soon find out whether those low voices he had heard belonged to friend or foe.

Listening, he heard his name called.

"Senor Yankee Doodle, it is all right, they are Masso's men," whereupon he arose and advanced into the bushes, and was immediately surrounded by a dozen insurgents.

"Where is Capitan Masso?" he asked of the men about him.

"He is beyond Jucaro, senor," said one of the men, "and he is exceedingly anxious that a boat should reach him to-night."

"But why did you signal from this place when the ship was going in that direction?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Because we were sent here knowing that we could see the ships that were in front of Cardenas, and he feared they would not move east of Jucaro before dark."

"Do you know what Masso wants?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"No, senor, but we captured a Spanish officer to-day upon whom he found some papers, which he thinks the admiral should have as soon as possible."

"It is strange," said Yankee Doodle, "that he is not here with those papers, for I could now return with them to the admiral."

"Captain Masso thinks the admiral should have the prisoner," returned the Cuban.

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle; "where will the boat find the captain?"

"He is at the same place where you left him night before last."

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle. "Return to him and say I will be there by midnight or soon after," and with that he returned to retrace his steps to the water's edge. Old Juan followed close behind him, and when they reached the water he said:

"Senor, the patrol is coming."

"Well, Juan, we are going—come," and he waded out into the water up to his waist, and then proceeded to swim towards the boat, which he could not yet see. To his utter astonishment the cavalry patrol rode down to the water's edge and called out:

"Alerta! Alerta!"

"Keep your head close under water, Juan," said Yankee Doodle. "They may fire on us."

The warning had scarcely passed his lips ere a volley flashed in the darkness of the night on the beach, and bullets splashed water all about them.

"By my soul," exclaimed Yankee Doodle in a suppressed tone; "they could not have aimed so well in broad daylight."

"It was a guess, senor," said Juan.

"Maybe so, but it was mighty close guessing. Where in thunder is that boat?"

"I don't see it, senor."

"Nor do I," and then he gave a signal for the boat. They were now up to their necks in the water, looking in every direction as far as they could see in the dark, waiting for sounds of oars.

Suddenly another volley blazed along the beach, but no bullet struck near them, and again Yankee Doodle repeated his signal for the boatswain.

"I hear them, senor," said Juan.

"Which way are they?"

"On the right of us, senor."

"Are they coming this way?"

"I don't know, senor."

Yankee Doodle repeated the signal the fourth time, and was greatly relieved when he heard it answered by the boatswain.

A few minutes later the boat appeared in sight, and the boatswain asked:

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"No," returned Yankee Doodle; "we are only wet. Are any of your men, hurt?"

"No, sir," said the boatswain. "Those fellows can't hit anything even in the daytime."

"Well, that first volley splashed water in our faces."

"Maybe it was a fish, sir."

"Yes," retorted Yankee Doodle; "a Spanish mackerel, perhaps," and the marines chuckled as they pulled him and old Juan aboard.

"Now, boatswain," said Yankee Doodle, "put us aboard the flag-ship just as quick as you can."

"Ay, ay, sir; pull hard, now, laddies," and the seamen bent to their oars with might and main, sending the boat through the water like a thing of life.

When they reached the flag-ship they found the admiral, who had heard the firing and seen the flashes, anxiously awaiting them.

"Anybody hurt?" the admiral asked, before any one reached the deck.

"No, sir," replied Yankee Doodle. "Every man of us has a whole skin."

"Very good," said the admiral. "Did they fire on you?"

"Yes, sir; while we were out in the water," and then Yankee Doodle, on reaching the deck, added:

"I will have to go ashore again, admiral, after I have made my report to you."

The admiral turned on his heel and led the way to his room, followed by the daring young American and old Juan.

"That may be an important capture," remarked the admiral, after hearing Yankee Doodle's report; "will you go again and get it?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Yankee Doodle. "I'd go ashore and catch Blanco, if you told me to; but I would like to have the gun-boat, as I wish to return the salute given me by the patrol to-night."

"I was thinking of giving you that," said the admiral. "It is lying out there in that direction now. I will signal the captain to come aboard."

A few moments later signals were flashed over the water from the flag-ship, ordering the gun-boat to come alongside. Answering signals were seen several miles out to the east, and they awaited the arrival of the gun-boat. A half hour later the gun-boat was alongside, and the captain received his instructions to take Yankee Doodle aboard, land him anywhere he wished, and assist him in any way he might require.

"He may bring a prisoner on board, captain," added the admiral, "whom you will take charge of, and bring him to the flag-ship, when Yankee Doodle is ready to return."

Yankee Doodle and old Juan then went aboard the gun-boat, which quickly steamed away in the direction of Jucaro.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE IN THE WATER—"ONE OF US HAD TO GO."

As soon as the gun-boat left the flag-ship, all the lights on board were extinguished, to avoid being seen by the patrols on the beach. The trim little vessel then glided through the water, silently but swiftly, in the direction of the previous landing. Yankee Doodle and the captain stood out on the deck enjoying the cool breeze of the evening, and conversing in low tones about the war.

"I am sorry," said Yankee Doodle, "that I haven't command of a craft like this."

"What would you do with it?" the captain asked.

"What wouldn't I do with it!" Yankee Doodle said. "I would kill more Spaniards along that beach out there within one month than will probably be killed during the whole war."

The captain smiled, and said:

"They would soon get on to you, my young friend. You would hardly be able to repeat the dose you gave them the other night more than once or twice."

"Well, then," replied Yankee Doodle, "in that case I would have gained my point, which is to clear the coast of those cavalry patrols."

"But they would keep under the protection of the woods," suggested the captain.

"If they did, they couldn't travel any. Nothing but a rabbit can travel through those woods at night. They would have to appear on the beach, or they could do no patrolling."

"Do you expect to meet any of the patrols to-night?" the captain asked.

"Of course I do; and I am exceedingly anxious to meet them, too. When you think you have reached a point, captain, go in as near shore as you dare to, and look for those three trees with the light."

"We can't be very far from there now;" and the captain ordered the pilot to slacken speed and approach the shore slowly, while the man with the search-light cast its rays along the beach.

It so happened that they were directly opposite the point they were seeking, and the light was flashed along the shore for a couple of miles on either side. No living object was seen.

"Now lower the boat, captain," said Yankee Doodle, "and let me have a dozen men."

The boat was soon lowered and Yankee Doodle and the marines tumbled into it. They were quickly rowed ashore, but no one left the boat until Yankee Doodle had first signaled to the Cubans in the woods.

The signals were quickly answered, and Yankee Doodle signaled back for them to come to the water's edge.

In a few moments about a score of men emerged from the woods and approached the boat.

Yankee Doodle sprang out and met them on the beach, shook hands with the Cuban captain, and asked him:

"Where's your prisoner?"

"Here he is, senor," said the captain, and a man was shoved forward by two of the Cubans.

"Where are his papers?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Here they are," was the reply, as a small package of papers was thrust into his hand.

Yankee Doodle then turned and ordered the prisoner to get into the boat, after which Yankee Doodle locked arms with the Cuban captain and strolled away a little distance from the others.

"Captain," he said, in a low tone of voice, "I wish to know if you think you can remain about here for a few days or a week, so I can communicate with you if I wish to do so."

"I think I can, senor, if we can be supplied with rations to live upon, for the Spaniards can't catch us very easily in these woods."

"Very well, then. Now, can you place yourself in communication with General Gomez?"

"Si, senor."

"We may need guides to lead some American officers to the general's camp."

"I can do that, senor."

"But remember, captain, they go on a most important mission, and the utmost vigilance must be exercised to avoid capture by the enemy. Their capture or destruction would entail no little embarrassment upon our government."

"Senor Yankee Doodle, I pledge my life for their safe conduct to the camp of General Gomez."

"Spoken like a soldier, and no better pledge could be asked of you!" and Yankee Doodle grasped his hand and shook it cordially.

Just then came down along the beach from the right, sounds of the approaching Spanish patrol.

"Come," said Yankee Doodle, "tell your men to hurry back to the woods," and he ran with full speed himself back to the boat.

Without waiting for orders from Captain Masso, the Cubans standing near the boat, turned and dashed for the woods.

"Push off for the gun-boat, quick," said Yankee Doodle to the men in the boat, at the same time making an effort himself to get into it.

The boat pushed away quickly at the word of command, and Yankee Doodle failed to get aboard. Not knowing that fact, the men at the oars soon pulled it beyond his reach. He chased it, hoping to catch it and climb in, until he was waist deep in the water. Seeing that he couldn't catch it, he called out softly: "Hold up, boatswain, and let me get aboard."

The boatswain failed to hear him, and in another moment he was up to his armpits in the water. There he stopped gazing at the boat, which was fast increasing the distance between them.

Thinking he could not be seen by the patrol on the beach, he stood still and faced the shore.

Suddenly he heard a splash in the direction of the boat, and several muttered exclamations from the marines followed. He dared not move lest he attract the attention of the cavalry, which was now within one hundred feet of him. The cavalry seemed to be unconscious of anything unusual, and were passing leisurely along on their horses close by the water, and Yankee Doodle began to breathe more freely, believing the danger was passing from him. Suddenly he was startled at seeing a man swimming past within arm's length of him.

He was puzzled.

The thought instantly flashed through his mind that the man had come from the boat behind him, and that he had made the splash he had heard but a minute before.

Quick as a flash, he suspected him of being the Spanish officer who was escaping, and plunged forward to intercept him.

They were in water waist deep when he laid a hand on his collar.

With a fierce oath, the Spaniard clutched him by the throat, and then yelled at the top of his voice in Spanish for the patrol that had just passed.

Yankee Doodle made a desperate effort to shake off his assailant, but the Spaniard, armed with the desperation of despair, kept his grip on his throat with both hands. Seeing no other alternative, Yankee Doodle drew his revolver, pushed the muzzle against the Spaniard's face, and fired.

The Spaniard released his grasp and sank down into the water, while Yankee Doodle wheeled around and called out:

"Here with that boat!"

But hearing nothing from the boat, he turned, waded ashore, and ran with full speed in the direction of the woods.

Ere he was half way across the open space, he heard the Spanish cavalry thundering along the beach at full speed.

They had evidently heard the Spanish officer's cry for help, as well as the pistol shot.

He dashed into the woods and signaled to the Cubans.

"We are here, senor," said the Cuban captain, in a low tone of voice.

"All right, then," said Yankee Doodle. "Tell them to be ready, but not to fire without orders."

He did so in tones loud enough for the Cubans to hear. The noise made by the patrol themselves prevented them from hearing what was going on in the woods. The cavalry stopped at the water's edge, seemingly puzzled at seeing no one there but themselves. Some of them dismounted and walked around the place as if searching for some clue to the cry and shot.

Captain Masso stood by the side of Yankee Doodle as they both listened to what was going on out in front of them.

Suddenly the Cuban captain clutched Yankee Doodle's arm, and whispered:

"They have found a dead body in the water, senor."

"I left one there," was the quiet reply.

"Who was it?" Masso asked.

"Your prisoner who escaped from the boat."

"*Diablos!*" gasped Masso.

"One of us had to go," said Yankee Doodle, "but I have the papers, although they are wet. Had the metallic cartridges of my revolver failed me it would have been my body instead of his out there."

Then they relapsed into silence, listening to the Spaniards out in front of them.

In a few minutes about a score of the Spaniards were seen approaching the spot where Masso and Yankee Doodle were standing. They seemed to be coming forward cautiously, as if apprehensive of danger. When they were within ten paces of Yankee Doodle, he sung out in a fierce tone:

"Fire, Cubans!"

The Spaniards instantly wheeled, and started on a run towards their horses; but ere they had gone five steps, a sheet of flame flashed from the bushes, and every man of them fell forward on the sand.

He was standing near the admiral, who was gazing through a spy glass at the fortifications at the entrance to the harbor, when a shot from one of the forts came shrieking over the ship. A minute or so later the great guns of the flag-ship broke loose with a roar which seemed to shake the very hills. He was looking directly at the fort at the time, and saw the huge projectiles strike the fortification, sending a great cloud of dust into the air.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "that was a settler."

The next moment the guns of another ship broke loose, and he knew then that the fight was on. The guns from all the batteries along the shore returned the fire, and the balls struck the water to the right and left of the flag-ship, or else fell short, or passed overhead. The vessels passed in a circle before the batteries two miles away, to disconcert the aim of the Spanish gunners. Suddenly a huge shell struck square against the steel ribs of the flag-ship, and exploded with a deafening roar, almost directly under him. He was almost stunned by the roar and concussion, but neither the ship nor any one on board was hurt.

"If that had been a few feet higher," he said to himself, "I would have been smashed into smithereens." He looked up at the admiral, and seeing how cool and collected he was, he lost all nervousness.

"Hadn't you better get under cover?" the admiral asked him.

"Why should I, sir?" he asked.

"For safety," replied the admiral.

"Safety be blowed," he laughed; "those Spaniards can't hit anybody."

The admiral smiled, and went up on the bridge. Yankee Doodle followed him, and stood by his side watching every shot that was fired. The admiral seemed pleased at the cool courage he displayed. Suddenly a shell from one of the big guns of the flag-ship tore a great hole through the walls of one of the forts. Yankee Doodle waved his hat above his head, and cheered at the top of his voice, calling out to the admiral:

"That is the best shot that has been made yet, sir—and at long range, too."

Then another great gun broke loose, and the huge cloud of smoke that arose from the discharge shut out the view of the fort, much to his disgust.

A moment or two later he asked permission of the admiral to go up to the tower aloft where the rapid-fire gun was at work.

"Go ahead," said the admiral, "but don't get in the way."

In a few minutes he was up in the tower, whence he had a full view of the whole scene.

By this time the shrieking shells from the enemy flew by uncomfortably close.

"This is a dangerous place for you, sir," said the gunner.

"No more dangerous for me than for you," was the reply, "for they can't kill me any deader than they can kill you."

The gunner laughed, and went on pouring a stream of leaden hail at the enemy.

Suddenly, a great shell passed so close to them that the gunner was partially stunned, and he ceased working the rapid-fire gun. Instantly Yankee Doodle sprang forward, and began working the gun himself, while the gunner sat down and held his head between his hands. It was at this moment that the enemy was seen escaping from one of the forts which had been battered to pieces by one of the great guns of the fleet, seeking refuge behind the works of a new battery.

Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle turned the rapid-fire gun upon them as they ran, and the hillside was literally strewn with dead and wounded Spaniards. The admiral on the bridge was gazing on the scene through a spy-glass, and thus became a witness of the terribly destructive fire.

In a few minutes the flag-ship veered round to give place to the next ship following her, and the firing ceased.

"That was well done, Hardy," cried the admiral to the gunner up in the tower.

The gunner heard his voice, sprang to his feet, looked down at the admiral, and sung out:

"That was Yankee Doodle's work, sir."

"Eh! what is the matter with you, are you hurt?" the admiral asked.

"Not much, sir," replied the gunner, and a few minutes later the second lieutenant ran up to the tower to ascertain the extent of the gunner's injuries.

He soon found out, and then remarked to Yankee Doodle:

"You have done some splendid work, sir."

"Glad to hear it," returned Yankee Doodle. "I saw them running and let them have it."

The bombardment lasted about an hour and then the vessels drew off, after having destroyed one of the forts and several of the batteries along the shore, while beyond, in a part of the town of Cardenas, a dense cloud of smoke told that the shells from the fleet had set fire to a number of houses.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ADMIRAL PATS YANKEE DOODLE ON THE HEAD.

NEARLY all the batteries along the shore in front of Cardenas being silenced by the guns of the fleet, the firing ceased, and the vessels drew off some distance, apparently to survey the damage that had been done. Several of the vessels had been struck, but a thorough examination soon showed that no damage had been done them.

In the meantime, the smoke having drifted away, the ruins of the fortification were plainly visible from the fleet. The fort on which the Spaniards' heaviest guns were mounted showed great breaches in several places. One of the big guns had fallen over on the outside, and was partially covered by the debris. The shore batteries, down nearer the water, were literally torn to pieces, and several of the guns dismounted.

But nowhere could any dead be seen, save in the

open space between the breastworks, where Yankee Doodle had caught the flying Spaniards with the rapid-fire gun.

By means of the spy-glass the enemy could be seen from the decks of the fleet removing the wounded.

Yankee Doodle was standing by the side of the commodore, when the latter said to him :

"That was good work of yours with that gun up there for a few minutes. You were pretty quick to catch 'em."

"Yes, sir," replied Yankee Doodle; "I saw the chance, and let 'em have it!"

"I am glad you did, for it shows what effective work can be done with that gun."

"Yes, sir; it is the most destructive weapon I ever heard of. If I had an old New York tug here, with a few of your men to help run her, I'd make this coast red hot for the Spaniards!"

The admiral smiled, saying :

"I suppose you'd want to work without orders?"

"You bet I would!" was the reply, "except one order to start with."

"And what is that?" the admiral asked.

"Simply to pitch in and kill everything in sight."

"Is that your idea of war?"

"It is," replied Yankee Doodle, "and if this war had been carried on from the start that way, it would be a mighty short one!"

Again the admiral smiled, and Yankee Doodle continued :

"The only way to whip an enemy is to smash him, and never let him get up."

"That's right," assented the admiral.

The fleet lingered in front of Cardenas an hour or two longer, and then slowly steamed away towards Matanzas, leaving one vessel behind to keep up the blockade of the port.

The night was spent in front of Matanzas, and in the darkness Yankee Doodle noticed many signals by flash-lights passing from the flag-ship to the other vessels. What they were he had no idea, but he knew that the admiral was master of the situation, and that the Spaniards could do nothing on the water.

Early the next morning, ere the shadows of night had quite cleared away, a Spanish merchant vessel was seen trying to slip past into the harbor. About a mile away the cruiser New York fired a shot across her bow as a signal for her to heave to. But the merchantman crowded on steam, and made a desperate effort to reach the harbor. In a few minutes the New York dashed forward, sending another shot so close to her that she rounded to, and the prize fell into the hands of the American fleet. She proved to be a Spanish steamer from Barcelona, with a valuable cargo consigned to Havana.

A prize crew was placed on board, and she steamed away in the direction of Key West.

The flag-ship accompanied by the cruiser New York then turned and sailed again towards Cardenas. On reaching that port they slowly steamed past until they were in front of the fortifications of Jucaro.

Yankee Doodle was on the bridge with the admiral, and noticed that the ship was standing close in, apparently inviting a shot from the land batteries. The Spaniards were quick to accept the challenge, and a big gun on the fort high up on the hill broke loose with a terrific roar. The shot went wild, missing the flag-ship by more than three hundred yards.

Yankee Doodle laughed.

"That fellow must have shut his eyes when he aimed."

"Aiming a gun of that caliber," remarked the admiral, "is mere guess work unless done by a trained gunner."

Another gun on the fort boomed, and then the flag-ship and the cruiser New York let loose their huge dogs of war at the fort. It was hot and furious for about thirty minutes, and the dense cloud of smoke entirely shut out all view of the shore. But as no more guns were heard from the fort the admiral signaled to the New York to cease firing.

There was a dead calm upon the water—not a breath of air stirring. So many minutes passed ere the smoke lifted and enabled those on the ship to see the result of the bombardment. It was then seen that the enemy's works were but a heap of ruins; but whether any of the enemy were slain could not be known. But it seemed impossible for men to pass through such a destructive fire without great loss of life.

When he had the opportunity to speak to the Admiral privately, Yankee Doodle said to him :

"Admiral, I would like to ask you if the maps of the fortifications out there made by old Juan were of any benefit to you in your work to-day?"

"Yes," promptly replied the Admiral. "But for that map and the papers you brought in that were taken from the Spanish officer whom you slew in the water, this bombardment would not have taken place to-day, nor the one at Cardenas yesterday."

"Then I am repaid a thousand times in the knowledge of the fact that I have rendered some service to you."

"Why, my dear boy," returned the Admiral, "you have rendered the United States more service within the last week than any man of whom I have any knowledge."

Yankee Doodle laughed, removed his hat, and said :

"Admiral, will you kindly pat me on the head, and say good boy?"

"Yes," laughed the admiral, "if it will do you any good."

"It will do me a deal of good, sir, for I assure you that I would rather have it from you than from the president himself."

"You are pretty good at flattery, my boy,"

"One can't flatter a man like you, admiral. An old sea dog never lets his head swell. I hope I am gradually becoming a little sea puppy myself."

The admiral laughed heartily, as did the first lieutenant who was standing near.

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE DOODLE WORKS THE RAPID FIRE-GUN ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP.

SCARCELY thirty seconds had passed after the volley fired by the Cubans, ere the Spaniards down at the water's edge returned the fire. Bullets tore through the bushes, and three of the Cubans were wounded.

The echo of that second volley had not died away ere the search-light from the gun-boat flashed upon the scene.

"In God's name, let every man lie down!" cried Yankee Doodle, and Masso immediately repeated the order. Every Cuban instantly fell flat on the ground, and in less than ten seconds a thousand bullets per minute, from the rapid-fire gun on the gun-boat, were mowing down the Spaniards, and threatening destruction to Yankee Doodle and his Cuban friends. The bullets tore through the leaves and limbs above them, as well as plowing up the sand in front.

Among the Spaniards at the water's edge, men and horses were going down at every second. Within one minute those who were not hit were flying along the beach to get out of that fatal ray of light.

The light flashed along the shore, lighting up their pathway to death as the leaden hail fell about them.

Very few of them escaped, and those who did, dashed for the shelter of the woods, disappearing from view.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said Masso, as he lay there on the ground, "they are all killed."

"I guess a few escaped," was the reply.

"Very few indeed," assented Masso.

"Tell your men to lie still," said Yankee Doodle, "for the man at that gun might take us for Spaniards and fire on us."

The captain gave the order as suggested, and Yankee Doodle arose to his feet, stepped out in the open and stood ready to signal the gun-boat the moment the flash of light should bring him into view. After waiting several minutes the light flashed over the scene of carnage, and he waved a signal to the gun-boat with his handkerchief. A signal was returned from the boat in answer to his.

"Now, captain, tell your men to come on," said he, leading the way down to where the dead and wounded Spaniards lay.

In the glare of the flash-light it was as bright as noonday. The Cubans at once began plundering the dead and wounded, gathering up all the arms and munitions, and dispatching the wounded horses.

In a little while Yankee Doodle espied a boat pulling for the shore.

"Now, Captain Masso," said he, to the Cuban officer, "I must go aboard the gun-boat. I fear the Spaniards will make it too hot for you if you should attempt to remain here. I would advise you to move a few miles east of here, remaining well concealed in the woods so as to avoid being located by the enemy. I don't know when those American officers whom you are to send through to Gomez's camp will be ready to go, but you know the signal, and so do we. We can

let you know when we are ready to communicate with you."

By this time the boat reached the beach, and Yankee Doodle called out to the boatswain:

"Why did you leave me behind?"

"We thought you were in the boat, sir," was the reply.

"You did not give me a chance to get in."

"You told us to shove off quick, sir; and you were close enough to get aboard."

"Well, I missed it; and it was well that I did, since it was the means of destroying the patrols. You turned the prisoner over to the captain, I suppose?"

"No, sir; he got away."

Yankee Doodle chuckled.

"Well, he didn't get away from me."

"Did you stop him, sir?"

"I had to, else he would have stopped me. You heard the shot, did you not?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the boatswain.

"Well, put me aboard the gun-boat as quickly as you can."

The men bent to the oars, and the boat shot through the water in the direction of the gun-boat, which lay about a quarter of a mile from shore.

Once more on board, Yankee Doodle hastened to the captain's cabin, and drew from his pocket the package of papers that had been taken from the Spanish officer. They were thoroughly soaked.

"Captain," said he, "these are the papers taken from the prisoner. I hand them to you. The man is dead, and his identity may be established by these papers."

"Why was he killed?" the captain asked, as he took the package, and Yankee Doodle briefly related to him the story of the prisoner's taking off.

The captain proceeded at once to carefully open the papers on the little table in his cabin, and left them there to dry, while Yankee Doodle went down into the ante-room to dry his clothes. By the time the gun-boat reached the flag-ship again his garments were pretty well dried. On board the flag-ship he reported to the admiral, who deeply regretted the death of the Spanish officer.

"But no blame attaches to you," said the admiral, "as you were forced to kill him in self-defense."

"So I did," replied Yankee Doodle, "for in another minute I would have been a goner."

The captain of the gun-boat delivered the documents taken from the prisoner to the admiral, who seemed to be deeply interested over their contents. He sat up until a late hour in the night poring over them, and as a result of his investigations, signals passed from the flag-ship to every vessel in the fleet.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle retired to get the sleep he was so much in need of. When he appeared on deck the next morning, he found the flag-ship and several other vessels of the fleet in front of the batteries of Cardenas—and that, too, much nearer than he had ever seen them before.

An hour or two after the bombardment of Jucaro, the admiral inquired of Yankee Doodle as to the whereabouts of the old Cuban, Juan.

"I left him on shore with Captain Masso," was the reply; "do you wish to see him?"

"There is no necessity of his coming aboard," the admiral said, "if you can go ashore yourself. I would like for him to find out about the effect of the bombardment of yesterday and to-day, and, if possible, what movements of the enemy have resulted from it."

"Then I will go ashore at once, sir, if you put me aboard the gun-boat."

The gun-boat was away out on the left, but signals from the flag-ship soon brought her forward, and Yankee Doodle immediately went aboard of her.

After shaking hands with the captain of the gun-boat, Yankee Doodle told him he wished to go ashore as soon as he could safely do so.

"There are quite a number of places where you can land," said the captain, "as the Spaniards have become quite shy about showing themselves on the beach."

"I think that means all the more danger," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Why so?"

"Because they are evidently lying concealed in the woods to keep out of view and wait for any landing parties that are not too strong for them to tackle."

"Then you had better go 'round farther east, where your friends are waiting for you."

"Do you know where they are, captain?"

"Yes; we exchanged signals with them this morning."

"Well, let's get out that way, then." The gun-boat steamed farther east several miles beyond the spot where he had previously landed.

In an hour or two Masso's signals were seen on the shore, and Yankee Doodle immediately entered a boat with a dozen marines, and proceeded towards a low stretch of beach.

CHAPTER VIII.

YANKEE DOODLE CAPTURES A SPANISH GUN-BOAT.

No Spaniards being anywhere in sight, Yankee Doodle landed, and was received cordially by Masso and the Cubans. He turned to the boat and requested the boatswain to wait until he could find out whether any message was to be sent back to the captain.

Taking Masso by the arm, he walked away some distance from the others for consultation.

"What news have you, captain?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"We have done nothing since you left us, senor, except to watch the Spanish gun-boat. They have sent around this way a little tug-boat with a rapid fire-gun mounted on the bow."

"The deuce they have," exclaimed Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor."

"Well, you don't want to let them get sight of us. When did you see it last?"

"Early this morning, senor. They keep concealed the greater part of the time in a little cove a few miles east of here. They seem to be afraid of the American gun-boat out there, and never come out when it is in sight."

"Have they a flash-light like the American gun-boat?"

"No, senor."

"Then they can do no harm at night."

"No, senor; but they compel us to keep out of sight in the day time."

"Do any of the men in your command know where that cove is?"

"Si, senor; we have several men who belong there. Their families are there now."

"Is there a village there?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"A very small one, senor—only about a dozen fishermen's families."

"Now, look here, Captain Masso; I am going to try to capture that tug-boat."

"*Diablo*, senor," gasped Masso; "it can't be done."

"Well, I'll see about that. We Americans are in the habit of finding a way to do a thing when we want to. Do you know how many men are working that tug-boat?"

"About fifteen or twenty, senor; it is a small one."

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle. "Give me about thirty picked men, and I will see if we can get it. I want men who are cool, determined, and quick to obey orders. Have you got them?"

"Si, senor."

"Well, we'll go up in the woods and make the arrangements for the trip."

Masso started to return to the woods, while Yankee Doodle went to the boat and said to the boatswain:

"Boatswain, you may go back and tell the captain that I would like for him to keep in sight of this point to-morrow, as I may wish to signal to him."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boatswain, and they pushed off for the gun-boat.

Yankee Doodle and the Cubans then retired to the woods, where he met old Juan and shook hands with him.

"Senor Juan," he said to the old Cuban, "the admiral found those Spanish breastworks you had marked for him, and knocked them to pieces yesterday and to-day, and he told me to thank you again for what you had done."

The swarthy face of the old Cuban flushed with pride, and he straightened himself up, while his piercing black eyes flashed with the light of battle.

"Then I was in that fight, senor," he said.

"Si, Senor Juan; you were in it up to your waist."

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the old Cuban, "that isn't deep enough, senor, I must be in it up to my neck."

"*Cuba Libre!*" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, slapping him on the shoulder, and the next instant every Cuban present fiercely gave vent to the battle cry of the insurgents, followed by still another of:

"Viva Americano Yankee Doodle!"

"Keep quiet, men," cautioned Yankee Doodle, and he then turned to old Juan, and said:

"Senor Juan, the admiral wishes you to go to Jucaro and Cardenas, and find out for him how much damage was done by the guns of his fleet. When you have done so, return here to meet me, and I will carry the news to him. Can you go?"

"Si, senor, I go now," and in less than three minutes the old man disappeared in the depths of the forest.

"Captain Masso," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the Cuban officer, "a man like Juan is worth his weight in gold in a war like this. Now kindly tell off thirty good men to go with me."

"Si, senor," replied the captain, who turned to his men and called off thirty of them by name, saying to them:

"You are to go with Senor Yankee Doodle."

Yankee Doodle looked at the men and made up his mind that they were to be depended upon in a time of danger. He lost no time in selecting a guide, to whom he whispered:

"I want you to lead us to the fishermen's huts in that little cove where the Spanish gun-boat keeps concealed."

"Si, senor," said the guide. "Just follow me," and he led off through the woods with Yankee Doodle close upon his heels, with the others following. When they were about a mile away from Masso and his party Yankee Doodle called a halt, gathered the men close around him, and proceeded to explain to them what he wished to do.

"I am told that that tug-boat the Spaniards are using against us has a rapid-fire gun on board, and that it stays in hiding in the cove while the American gun-boats are in sight, and comes out only when the coast is clear for them to do so. Now, I am going to try to capture that tug-boat."

The Cubans were startled at the suggestion. They had a mortal dread of the rapid-fire gun.

"When we arrive near the village," continued Yankee Doodle, "we are to keep well concealed in the woods until we can find out the position of that tug-boat and the men on board of it. The chances are that it will be found moored up to the shore."

"Si, senor," spoke up one of the Cubans quickly, nodding his head.

"Is it so?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"Si, senor," was the reply.

"You have seen it there?"

"Si, senor."

"How many men have they aboard?"

"Not more than twelve, senor."

"Do the men come ashore while the tug is in the cove?"

"All of them do, senor, except two or three."

"Then we can make a rush and seize the boat if we choose the right to do so; and when we have done so, we will have a rapid-fire gun of our own with which to destroy the Spanish patrols along the coast. To do so every man of you must obey orders. We must

capture the boat without firing a shot. We will divide into two parties; one to dash for the tug, and the other to look out for the Spaniards ashore. When we have secured the boat, you can then shoot down any Spaniards who refuse to surrender. Do you all understand?"

"Si, senor," every Cuban responded.

"Now, you may lead on, guide, and we'll follow," said Yankee Doodle, and the march was resumed through the great forest.

It took them a couple of hours to arrive in sight of the little cove, which was surrounded by rugged hills. Close down by the water's edge were about a dozen fishermen's huts, and a few women and children were seen moving about on the shore, the women themselves being engaged in mending the fishermen's nets.

The tug-boat was seen lying moored close up to the shore, with which it was connected by a plank which served as a gangway. One Spaniard was seen lazily reclining against the pilot-house of the tug, puffing reefs of smoke from a cigar. A little group of about half a dozen other Spaniards was seen talking to the women who were mending the fish nets, while others were strolling about in a listless sort of way, all smoking.

Yankee Doodle took in all this at a glance from the top of a wooded hill about one hundred yards away. The nearest point he could reach without being seen by the Spaniards was the rear of a cottage directly opposite the spot where the tug-boat was moored. Under cover of darkness, as there were no street lights in the village, it would be possible for him to get within a few paces of the tug-boat without being discovered. He looked up at the sun and found that he would have to wait more than an hour for night.

"The chance is good enough now," he whispered to the guide, "if you can get us down there behind that cottage opposite the tug-boat without being seen; we can dash through the hut and seize the tug before the enemy is aware of our presence. Go ahead now."

The guide made his way down the hill in a crouching position, followed by the others, dodging along under the bushes until they were down on a level with the hut. It took them only about one minute then to concentrate in the rear of the little hut, where they stopped.

There are no locks on the doors of the humble homes of Cuba, so the guide pushed open the door and entered. None of the inmates were in.

"Come, follow me!" said Yankee Doodle, and with drawn revolver, he dashed out of the front door of the hut, ran about twenty paces, leaped upon the gang-plank, and thrust the muzzle of his revolver into the face of the Spaniard reclining against the pilot-house.

The Spaniard was so astounded his jaw dropped, letting his cigar fall, and gasped out:

"*Diablos!*"

But he made no effort to resist, as the tug instantly swarmed with armed Cubans, while the other detachment dashed for the Spaniards who were on shore.

The Spaniards drew their revolvers and began firing. Two of the Cubans were hit, but not seriously hurt. The next instant the Spaniards were shot down amid the screams of the women and children. Those who were not killed by the bullets were dispatched with the machete. Only one prisoner was taken—the man who was found on the tug. It was all over inside of a couple of minutes, and then the Cubans made the welkin ring with jubilant shouts.

The women and children of the village joined in the jubilation, dancing with joy over the sudden and unexpected success of their friends. The Spaniards had been brutal in their treatment of them, and now they were relieved of their hated presence. They crowded around Yankee Doodle, and gazed upon him in the greatest admiration.

The Cubans were anxious to dispatch the one prisoner captured, and the firm stand against such a proceeding on the part of Yankee Doodle alone saved his life.

"No prisoner must be slain," said Yankee Doodle, very firmly, after which he gave orders for the burial of those who were slain, in order to remove the horrors of war as quickly as possible. By that time the sun had gone down, and the darkness of a tropical night settled upon the scene.

Yankee Doodle had the tug moved out some fifty yards from shore and there anchored, giving orders to the watch on deck to permit no one to leave or come aboard during the night.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE NINA OF HAYTI"—YANKEE DOODLE'S PRIZE.

HE had not been in possession of the tug more than ten minutes ere Yankee Doodle began an investigation of everything on board. To his great joy he found the bunker full of coal, and an ample supply of ammunition for the rapid-fire gun. There were rations also aboard sufficient to last a dozen men ten days. A Spanish flag was found aboard, and it was turned over to the Cubans, who immediately consigned it to the flames.

"I want a Cuban flag," said he, "for this is the first vessel of the infant Cuban navy, and we will christen her '*Cuba Libre*!'"

But there was no Cuban flag to be had, nor was there any material among the poor fishermen's families out of which one could be manufactured.

"We will get one by and by," he said, "and then we will hoist it and salute it."

There was much singing and dancing in the little village that night, and it was a late hour ere the happy Cubans laid down to rest.

Among those who had taken part in the capture of the tug were five men whose wives and children lived there at the cove. They were up by daylight and out with their nets, with which they caught a bountiful supply of fish for the breakfast of the insurgents, as well as the women and children.

Yankee Doodle told them that in view of the absence of danger since the capture of the tug boat,

they could remain at home for a week to assist their wives in procuring provisions for their families. The happy wives and mothers thanked him for his kind thoughtfulness, and the men proceeded to follow their usual avocation until called to arms again by their officers. He then made a selection of ten men whose experience as fishermen along the shore would make them valuable on board the tug, and told the others they could make their way back through the woods to Masso.

He then got up steam and glided away out of the cove, going out some three or four miles from shore, and turned westward looking for the gun-boat belonging to the American fleet, from which he had landed in the afternoon of the day previous. After about an hour's sailing he saw the gun-boat in the distance, and at once steamed towards it. The gun-boat on seeing the tug approaching waited for it, the captain wondering what manner of craft it was.

As Yankee Doodle had no flag to raise, the captain of the gun-boat ordered the man at the rapid-fire gun to be in readiness for action. Seeing the tug coming straight towards him with a rapid-fire gun mounted on the bow, he sung out.

"Ahoy there! What boat is that?"

Yankee Doodle cried out:

"It is the *Cuba Libre*, the flag-ship of the Cuban navy."

The gun-boat's captain recognized him, and sung out:

"Come aboard, commodore."

"All right, admiral; I will," responded Yankee Doodle; and in a little while the tug-boat lay alongside the American craft.

"Where in thunder did you get that boat?" the captain asked.

"Captured her last night," was the reply; and then he hurriedly related the story of his adventures since leaving the gun-boat.

"That's good work," laughed the captain; "and you ought to keep command of it."

"I will," said Yankee Doodle, "if the government doesn't claim her as a prize."

"I don't see how the government can do that," said the captain. "She wasn't captured by United States forces."

"Well," returned Yankee Doodle, "I'm no sea lawyer; I'll report to the admiral, and get orders from him."

"All right," laughed the captain; "go ahead."

"See here, captain," said Yankee Doodle, "can you lend me a man who knows how to run an engine? This little tug has a powerful one, and I am afraid we'll all get blown to kingdom come if we undertake to run it without a practical engineer."

"We have two engineers on board here," was the reply, "and I will see if their assistants are competent to run it for you;" and he proceeded to consult his engineers about the matter. The latter after some deliberation decided that one of the assistant engineers was competent to take charge of the tug's engine, and the captain sent him aboard.

"Now," said Yankee Doodle, "I'll make a break for the flag-ship;" and the little tug steamed away at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour.

"Hanged, if I don't believe she can outrun anything in the fleet," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, as the little craft split the water.

In about half an hour the tug was hailed from the flag-ship, and Yankee Doodle sung out to the lieutenant on the bridge that he had captured a prize.

"Where is it?" the lieutenant asked.

"Thunder! Can't you see it?" laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Oh! It's a tug, is it?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Yankee Doodle.

"Where did you get it, and when?"

"In a little cove about fifteen miles from here, last night."

"Was it taken by the gun-boat?"

"No," was the reply; "the gun-boat wasn't within ten miles of it. Can I come aboard, sir?"

"Of course," replied the lieutenant, and Yankee Doodle at once boarded the flag-ship and reported to the admiral that he had sent old Juan to both Cardenas and Jucaro to inspect the ruins of the fortifications at those two places. Then he told the story of the capture of the tug and its rapid-fire gun.

"What are you going to do with it?" the admiral asked.

"That's what I want to find out," was the reply, "for I don't know whether she belongs to the United States or to the Republic of Cuba."

The admiral laughed.

"It was captured by the Cubans," said he, "but you were in command, and you are in the service of the United States."

"Does that make her then, a lawful prize of the United States?"

"Not unless you choose to turn it over to the United States authorities."

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "I am acting under your orders, admiral."

"Only as a volunteer," was the reply.

"Well, then, what must I do with her?"

"What do you want to do with her?" the admiral asked.

"Well, if you'll let me have her for a few days I'll raise merry and particular Hail Columbia all along the beach out there without putting you to any trouble to send me back and forth on that gun-boat."

"Have you an engineer?" the admiral asked.

"I borrowed one from the gun-boat, sir."

"Have you a good supply of coal?"

"Enough for several days, sir."

"And rations?"

"We found ten days' supply on board when we captured her, together with a dozen Mauser rifles, and an ample supply of ammunition."

"Well, go ahead," said the admiral, "and bring me news from old Juan as soon as you see him. Have you a United States flag on board?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, you had better have one, for if you have no colors when captured you will be shot as pirates. I will give you a small flag, to be used only in cases of emergency," and the flag was given him, after which he returned to the tug, and steamed away in the direction whence he had come.

As he passed the gun-boat on the way back, Yankee Doodle hailed the captain, and told him the admiral had given him permission to cruise around about the coast for a few days on his own hook.

"Why, you have no pilot," said the captain; "you'll run aground among these shoals in less than twenty-four hours."

That was something Yankee Doodle had not thought of, and he was a bit worried over it. But he found that the three or four fishermen on board were very familiar with the waters along the north shore, so he concluded to dispatch with the services of a pilot.

"I guess I can keep out of the mud, captain," he sung out.

"All right," was the reply. "Let me know if you need assistance."

Yankee Doodle then steamed away, going still farther east, till he reached a point where he had last seen Masso and his command. But he did not see any signals from the woods, so he signaled himself. The Cubans replied to the signals, and he lowered a little boat that would hold but three or four men, and went ashore to meet them.

On seeing who he was, Masso ran down to the water's edge, and congratulated him on the capture of the tug, saying that his men had returned and told him all about it.

"Have you heard from Juan, yet?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"No, senor, he has not yet returned."

"Well, I am going 'round further east of here, and when I return, if you have heard from Juan, signal to me and let me know." He then re-entered the boat and returned to the tug.

After about an hour's steaming, he found himself among a number of little islands off the coast of Santa Clara. He consulted with an old fisherman on board, who told him he knew all about the waters among those keys, and that there was no danger of running aground if he kept a reasonable distance off shore.

"You take the wheel," said Yankee Doodle, "and I'll trust to you to keep us in safe water."

"All right, sir," responded the old man, taking charge of the wheel. "There's a little village on that island out to the left over there, where you can get a supply of fresh water."

"Let's go there, then," said Yankee Doodle, and he steered direct for the island.

In passing around a well-wooded little island, before reaching the one on which was the village, Yankee Doodle was astonished at seeing a two-masted schooner lying at anchor about a quarter of a mile off the island.

"How about that craft out there?" Yankee Doodle asked the old fisherman at the wheel.

"She belongs in Matanzas," was the reply.

"What is she doing here?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"She must be hiding from the blockaders."

"Do you know the vessel?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor. She plies between Matanzas and the Haytian ports. She sits deep in the water and has a heavy cargo."

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "she's my oyster. Get up to within hailing distance of her."

The tug pushed for the schooner and Yankee Doodle ran up the American flag overhead, and took his stand at the rapid-fire gun before hailing the craft.

The crew of the schooner, about fifteen in number, were on deck seemingly in the wildest consternation at sight of the American flag.

"What craft is that?" Yankee Doodle sang out.

No answer came back, so Yankee Doodle instructed the old Cuban at the wheel to repeat his query in Spanish.

"It's the Nina of Hayti," came back from the schooner.

"Come aboard with your papers!" called Yankee Doodle, but the skipper hesitated and was on the point of refusing, when Yankee Doodle threatened to fire if he did not instantly obey. Then he lowered a boat and went aboard the tug.

Yankee Doodle could not read Spanish, so he had one of the Cubans to inspect the papers, who found that the schooner was bound from Port au Prince to Matanzas, with an assorted cargo of supplies for the Spanish fort at that point.

Yankee Doodle whistled, and turning to the Cubans around him, exclaimed.

"Men, your fortunes are made. This is a lawful prize; and the government of the United States will see that you get your share of the prize money."

The crew of the little tug were jubilant. The schooner's skipper protested, but in vain. He and his crew were put ashore at the little village, while the men from the tug raised her anchor. A cable was attached to the tug, and the gallant little boat started off, towing her prize in the direction of the American fleet.

CHAPTER X.

YANKEE DOODLE'S PRIZE—"MY SKIN IS NOT YET PERFORATED."

It was quite late in the afternoon when the captain of the gun-boat was pacing the deck, glass in hand, scanning the horizon, discovered a schooner deep down in the water, being towed in his direction by a small tug-boat. Towing vessels in that locality was an unusual proceeding; so he watched them for upwards of an hour, and then suddenly discovered that the little tug was flying the American flag.

"Hanged, if I don't believe that's Yankee Doodle," he exclaimed; "he must have picked up a prize out there. That boy is the most aggressive type of Young America I ever saw."

He lost no time in pushing out to meet the tug and her prize.

He soon came up with her, and hailed Yankee Doodle with:

"What have you got there?"

"A prize, sir, loaded with contraband of war."

"Is it a Spanish vessel?"

"Yes, sir; she belongs to Mantanzas—out from Port au Prince, with a cargo of supplies for the garrison here."

"By George, my boy!" exclaimed the captain, "if that is true, your fortune is made."

"Will you take charge of her, captain?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I'll convoy you to the flag-ship," was the reply.

"All right; I'll tow her through."

But long before they could reach the flag-ship night came on, and the captain signaled to the admiral that Yankee Doodle had captured a schooner bound for Mantanzas.

The admiral signaled back for him to drop anchor and remain there until morning, and he did so.

"Why did you put the schooner's crew ashore?" the captain asked of Yankee Doodle.

"Because I didn't want to be bothered with them," was the reply, and the captain laughed, saying:

"You don't understand these things, my boy."

"I don't pretend to, captain. I told you this morning I was no sea lawyer, but all the same, I know how to catch 'em."

"But she may not be a lawful prize," the captain replied.

"She isn't, eh? She is a Spanish vessel bound for a Spanish port with supplies for the Spanish garrison, and if that doesn't make her a lawful prize I'll scuttle her and let her go to the bottom."

"You may be hanged for that," suggested the captain, with a laugh.

"Well, nobody would hang me but the Spaniards, and they have got to catch me before they can do it, and that is something that old Blanco and his whole army can't do."

Yankee Doodle went aboard the gun-boat and submitted the papers of the schooner to the captain for his inspection, who, after a thorough examination of them, remarked that he guessed they were all right.

"If it isn't all right I'll make it all right," said Yankee Doodle.

They remained at anchor all night and the next morning the schooner was towed alongside the flag-ship, when the papers were submitted to the admiral for inspection.

"She's a lawful prize, my boy," said the admiral, "and I'll take the name of every man on your tug and send it in to the officials of the prize court with a full statement of the circumstances of the capture, and furthermore, order every ship in my squadron to salute your tug."

"See here, admiral," exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "you're trying to make my head swell."

"Put a band on it, my boy, and continue to wear the same sized hat, for it is the duty of every man in the service of his country to do all he can to win the

applause and commendation of his countrymen. You have done well, and I am proud to tell you so. At the same time, let me warn you not to become reckless, and run into unnecessary danger."

"Thank you, admiral," replied Yankee Doodle; "I believe that my greatest ambition in life is to deserve well of my country, and die of old age. General Gomez, you know, told your messenger that I bore a charmed life; I don't know whether I do or not, but my skin has not yet been perforated."

The schooner was taken charge of by the admiral and sent to Key West, convoyed by one of his gun-boats, after which Yankee Doodle returned to the tug and started back to his fields of operations.

As the little craft moved away the flag-ship saluted it, as did all the other vessels of the fleet in sight. Yankee Doodle dipped the little flag above the tug in acknowledgment of the salute, while the whistle screamed forth to its fullest power.

"Now, Jose," he said to the old Cuban at the wheel, "we have done some good work to-day; so we'll go back to our friends to render them any assistance they need."

"Si, senor," replied the old Cuban, as he guided the little craft eastward again.

They soon passed near the gun-boat, whose captain hailed him with the query:

"What did the admiral say about your prize?"

"He said it was all right," returned Yankee Doodle, "and has sent her to the prize court at Key West."

"What will you do now?" the captain asked.

"Oh, I don't know; I'll just lie around and wait for something to turn up, just the same as you are doing;" and with that he steamed away eastward some five miles beyond where the gun-boat lay. On reaching that point old Jose told Yankee Doodle that a little distance back from the beach lived the parents of one of the men on board the tug; "he wishes to go ashore, senor, if you will permit him to do so, and see if they are still there?"

"Why, yes, we'll let him go ashore," said Yankee Doodle. "How close in can we go here?"

"We can go within fifty yards of the shore, senor, for the water is quite deep here."

"Do so, then, and let him go ashore."

The tug-boat went in pretty close to the shore, dropped anchor, and lowered the boat. Three of the men entered it and rowed away up to the beach, while the Cuban leaped out and made his way up to the wood into which he soon disappeared.

The boat returned to the tug, and the crew sat around waiting for the reappearance of their comrade. After an hour or so, one of the crew sprang to his feet, and pointed away off to the left along the shore, exclaiming:

"See there, senor, the cavalry is coming!"

Yankee Doodle sprang up and looked in the direction indicated, and saw a squadron of Spanish cavalry a couple of miles away, coming towards them. He instantly threw off his coat, and threw it over the rapid-fire gun in order to conceal it from the enemy.

"I'll give them a surprise," he said, "from a little masked battery."

"Senor," said old Jose, rather nervously, "they can't hit us with their rifles."

"Very true, Jose; but they won't think of firing after I open on them. If you are afraid, you can go below."

"I am not afraid, senor."

"All right; then wait and see the fun."

The cavalry were within half a mile of the tug boat before they observed it. Then they halted for about a minute or two, after which they dashed forward at full speed, evidently in the hope of capturing the tug by covering it with their rifles. But just as they were well started, Yankee Doodle jerked his coat off the gun, carefully trained it upon them, and started the music. He gave them bullets at the rate of about one thousand a minute, and a more startled body of horsemen were probably never seen before in any part of the world. In less than one minute probably fifty men and horses were hit, and in another minute the survivors were scampering for the cover of the woods. Even after they had disappeared from view, Yankee Doodle continued to pour a stream of bullets after them.

Not a shot had been fired in return.

"How is that, Jose?" Yankee Doodle asked the old Cuban.

"*Santa Marie!*" exclaimed the old man; "it is good; it is good, senor!" and his eyes fairly danced with joy.

"I guess they think it's bad, eh?"

"Si, senor; it is bad for them! Hello! Here comes our man running back," and the Cuban who had gone ashore an hour before, was seen running at the top of his speed to the beach. He didn't wait for the boat to meet him, but plunged into the water and swam out to the tug. He was pulled on board, and as soon as he was able to do so, he said that the Spaniards were flying through the woods, seeking shelter in every direction.

"Did he find his parents?" Yankee Doodle asked of old Jose.

"No, senor," was the reply, "they were gone, and the hut, too."

"He doesn't know what has become of them?"

"No, senor, but he thinks they have gone to the cove."

"Well, three of you go ashore in the boat, and gather up what arms you can find out there where we knocked those Spaniards over," and about an hour was consumed in gathering up the spoils of the slaughter.

Away back some five miles distant Yankee Doodle, by means of his spy-glass could see the captain and his crew gazing in his direction.

"We are giving them a lesson in the art of war," he chuckled, "and if we had a flash-light we could do some more of it at night, but as we have not, we will simply have to wait and catch them as best we can."

CHAPTER XI.

A HAPPY MEETING OF DRUMMER BOY AND FIFER—
THE MUSIC ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP.

THE tug remained at anchor the greater part of the afternoon, and Yankee Doodle and his little crew kept up a vigilant watch, in the hope of getting another whack at the enemy. Evidently the Spaniards had enough of it, for not one of them came out of the woods during the time the tug remained there. The daring young American then raised anchor and steamed away eastward to communicate with Masso's command before night came on.

On rounding the point beyond which Masso's men lay in the woods, Yankee Doodle saw the signal, and at once replied to it. He went ashore in the little boat, and Captain Masso, accompanied by old Juan, met him at the water's edge.

"I am glad to see you, Juan," he said, extending his hand to the old Cuban.

"Si, senor," replied Juan, "I have just reached here, and have brought news for the admiral."

"What is it?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"The fortifications of Jucaro were completely destroyed the other day, all the guns dismounted, and over one hundred and fifty Spaniards slain, while twice as many were wounded. I heard one of the officers say that they would not be built again, because it was too much exposed."

"Very good," said Yankee Doodle. "Did you go to Cardenas?"

"Si, senor."

"How was it there?"

"Two of the new breastworks were destroyed, and the old one badly knocked to pieces, while they lost more men than at Jucaro, but they are working all night when they cannot be seen from the fleet to repair the damages. They said that the harbor was full of mines and torpedoes, and that if the American ships tried to enter the harbor they would all be blown to pieces."

"Was there any damage done to the town, Juan?"

"A part of it, senor. Many houses that were in range back of the old fort were set on fire by the shells."

While the old Cuban was speaking Yankee Doodle saw two persons leave the woods and come towards him. But such was his interest in the story he was listening to, he paid them little or no attention, until both were within a few paces of him. Then he turned, looked at them, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. They were old Pedro and Joe Bailey the fifer of the New York regiment, of which he was the drummer.

"Great Scott, Joe!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms around the boy's neck, "how did you get here?" and without waiting to hear Joe's answer, he turned and grasped old Pedro's hand, saying:

"I guess you brought him."

"Si, senor," replied the old man, with a broad grin on his face, "we came together."

"Well, tell me about it, old man," said Yankee

Doodle, "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life."

"I started out on a raid," said Joe, "with about five hundred Cubans, and when we struck the road in the rear of Cardenas, near the little village of Coliseo, Pedro met our friend Juan here, and learned from him where you were, and that he was then on his way back to you. You understand the rest now, I guess."

"Oh, yes," said Yankee Doodle, "you just simply came along with him."

"That's it," said Joe.

"Well, I'm glad you came, old man," said Yankee Doodle. "I command an independent ship in the fleet now, and am having more fun with the Spaniards than any other American in Cuba."

"Is that your ship out there?" Joe asked.

"Yes, that's the flag-ship."

Joe laughed and old Pedro grinned.

"Oh, that's all right, laugh as much as you please; we captured a hundred thousand dollar prize yesterday which has been sent to the prize court at Key West, and to-day we killed and wounded somewhere between fifty and a hundred Spanish cavalry."

"With that little tug-boat?" Joe asked, with a look of incredulity on his face.

"Why, yes, man; don't you see that rapid-fire gun in the bow there?"

Joe and old Pedro gazed at the tug in open-eyed wonder.

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the fifer, "I'm blessed if that don't beat the Arabian Nights."

"No, it doesn't," said Yankee Doodle, "but it beats the Spaniards. Now, tell me, how did you leave the boys in the camp?"

"Oh, they are all quite well," replied Joe. "We have had very little fighting to do since you left."

"What's the matter?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I don't know; but we think they are waiting for reinforcements from Key West."

"What! Are more soldiers coming over?"

"Yes, the American papers say that fifty thousand more are coming."

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "they'll soon make short work of Blanco."

"Yes, we think we've got him penned up now where he can't get away."

And the two friends stood there and talked for a half hour or more, after which Yankee Doodle turned to Captain Masso and told him he would steam back to the gun-boat, so as to convoy to the admiral the information brought by Juan.

"And Joe, old man," he added, "you and Pedro must go with me."

"Of course," said Joe; "if you were to attempt to sail away without me, I'd throw a stone at your ship and sink her."

The two young friends, laughing heartily, entered the little boat and were rowed out to the tug. As soon as they were aboard the tug steamed away in the direction of the gun-boat. Night overtook them ere they were half way; but still they kept on with a

small light aloft, so that the gun-boat could signal her as they approached. When the gun-boat was reached Yankee Doodle consulted the captain, who advised him to push on to the flag-ship and make his report in person to the admiral.

It took them an hour to reach the fleet, and nearly another ere they found the flag-ship.

Yankee Doodle asked permission to go aboard, and it was granted. Joe and old Pedro accompanied him, and were introduced to the admiral and all the officers. The report brought by Yankee Doodle of the damages inflicted upon the enemy at Jucaro and Cardenas was highly pleasing to the admiral, who immediately communicated it to his officers. The young fifer also told all he knew about the operations of the army in the rear of Havana. A more interested group of men was seldom ever seen, as were those officers who sat around the table listening to the story related by the youth who sat opposite them.

In the course of the evening old Pedro related to the officers some of his personal recollections of the adventures of the gallant Yankee boy drummer and his fifer from the day they landed on the coast of Cuba in the province of Pinar del Rio. He also explained when and how the drummer boy acquired the name of "Yankee Doodle."

"So it was given to him by the Cubans, eh?" asked the admiral.

"Si, Senor Admiral," replied Pedro, "and we all believe that no bullet can kill him. An entire regiment fired at him as he led the charge in the assault on Havana, and while hundreds of his comrades fell, he was unharmed."

"I'm sorry you haven't your drum with you," remarked the admiral, turning to Yankee Doodle, "as I would like very much to hear you perform on it."

Yankee Doodle looked over at Joe, and asked if he had his fife with him.

"Of course I have," answered Joe; "my fife goes wherever I go."

"Then, admiral," said Yankee Doodle, "if you will let me have a couple of soup spoons and a tin pan, we can give you a pretty fair serenade."

There was a smile all around the table, after which the admiral sent his cabin boy to summon the steward of his mess. When that individual appeared, the admiral asked him for a pan and spoons. They were brought, and then Yankee Doodle asked the steward to hold the pan for him.

Joe produced his fife, and they started in with the tune of Hail Columbia, and from that to the Star Spangled Banner, after which they gave them the triumphant notes of "Yankee Doodle."

When the last note was struck, the admiral and his officers applauded them vigorously.

"It is the best performance I ever heard!" exclaimed the admiral.

"Have him beat the charge, Senor Admiral!" exclaimed old Pedro.

"Yes, yes, let us have it!" cried one of the officers.

Yankee Doodle nodded his head to his fifer, and they began with an imitation of the steady tramp of a regiment, followed by volleys of musketry, after which Yankee Doodle exclaimed, in a fierce tone of command:

"Charge!"

From the steady tramp of the regiment the music burst into the wild rush of a thousand men, which lasted for half a minute or so. Then followed the fierce clash of opposing forces, out of which could be heard the ring of steel against steel, and the fierce yells of the combatants.

The admiral and all of his officers arose to their feet, and on their faces were the grim expressions of men in deadly combat. Old Pedro was so wrought up that a fierce yell of "*Cuba Libre!*" burst from his lips, and but a few moments later Yankee Doodle sung out:

"They fly! They fly!"

And again the triumphant notes of "Yankee Doodle" roared from the pan, and the shrill notes from the fife were like the screams of an eagle.

Suddenly the music ceased, and everyone seemed to take a long breath of relief from the severe tension to which they had been subjected.

Again the admiral and his officers applauded, and the former exclaimed:

"No wonder the regiment left their officers to follow your drum, my boy; I should have done so myself. It is the first time in my life I was ever favorably influenced by music from the bottom of a tin pan."

A roar of laughter followed, and everyone in the room shook hands with the drummer and fifer.

The pan and spoons were returned to the steward, who took them away, and went among the marines to give them a description of the wonderful performance to which he had been a witness.

Yankee Doodle and Joe, on invitation of the officers of the flag-ship, spent the night on board, and the next day returned to the tug with dispatches from the admiral for General Gomez of the Cuban army.

CHAPTER XII.

A FATAL BLUNDER—THE GIRL ON THE BEACH.

ONCE on board the gallant little tug, Yankee Doodle and Joe spent hours in conversation.

"Joe, my boy," said Yankee Doodle, "I have not heard a word from home since I went on board the flag-ship, and I am much worried on account of it."

"Oh, your mother and sister know where you are," said Joe, "for I wrote to my mother that the admiral had sent for you, and three days ago I received a letter from mother, in which she told me that both your mother and May were both well."

"Lord, Joe, what a load you have taken off my mind!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle.

"Well, I'm glad I told you," said Joe.

"Yes, for I tell you it is a great relief. And now look here, old man! I'd like to have you stay with me as long as the admiral keeps me on this duty."

"Well, what is the matter with my doing so?"

"How about your leave of absence from the regiment?"

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Joe, "as the fife has had nothing to do since the drum went away."

"Very good, then," said Yankee Doodle, "we will stick together."

The tug plowed its way along some two or three miles from the shore, until it reached a point opposite the little camp of Masso's command. There a boat was sent ashore to bring Captain Masso on board. When the captain arrived Yankee Doodle informed him that he had dispatches that were to be sent to General Gomez as quickly as possible.

"Here they are," he said, handing them to the captain. "I would suggest that you send them by old Juan, as I think he is the safest man you could find for that purpose."

"Si, senor," said the captain; "he is the only man whom I would allow to take them."

The captain then went ashore and the tug steamed away to make a cruise among the little group of islands where Yankee Doodle had captured his prize a few days before.

Before they reached the island old Jose at the wheel began scanning the horizon in the southeast, where a black cloud was boiling upward.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," he said, "we shall have a storm and we must run for shelter."

"Well, can't we find it among these islands?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"No, senor, the waves would toss us high and dry on some one of them."

"Where can we go, then?"

"We must run back to the little cove where we captured the tug."

"Do you think we can reach it?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor, if we run fast."

"Then do your best!" ordered Yankee Doodle.

The tug-boat veered around, and the engineer was told to put on a full head of steam. The little tug was soon skimming the water like a thing of life, showing a clean pair of heels to the little group of islands, and the ominous black cloud looming up behind them.

Within half an hour of the time they started on their return Yankee Doodle was fully convinced of the correctness of the old Cuban's premonition of danger. Fierce flashes of lightning and loud peals of rolling thunder kept up a continual performance behind them, and the sea began to swell and moan as if in pain. Crowding on every inch of steam the boiler could bear, the little tug plowed on its way in the direction of the cove. By the time they reached the entrance a gale of wind arose that lashed the sea into a fury, but the little tug glided into smooth water and made its way up about an eighth of a mile to the little huts where Yankee Doodle first found it.

There they cast anchor within fifty yards of the shore, and greeted the women and children who ran

out to welcome them. A few minutes after their arrival, the rain came down in such torrents that it seemed as if the very Heavens had opened to drown the whole island in a downpour of water.

The roar of water dashing down the hillsides on either side of the cove almost equalled that of the sea outside. The sun went down while the gale was at its height; and the most intense darkness that Yankee Doodle and Joe had ever seen settled down upon them. The families of the fishermen in the little huts were huddled together in their miserable apologies for homes without any lights whatever.

On board the little tug the crew were crowded together in the hold, quietly waiting for the cessation of the storm. The gale lasted some three or four hours, and then ceased as it began. The clouds passed away, the stars came out in the clear sky, the wind ceased to blow, but the sullen roar of the old ocean outside the cove was still heard.

"I tell you, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "when wind and water combine together to make mischief, they can make a lot of it."

"You bet they can," assented Joe; "if we had stayed out there among those islands not one of us could have escaped alive."

"That's so," said Yankee Doodle; "it has taught me a lesson, and after this I am not going to go very far away from shore."

The night passed and morning found the little tug-boat quietly riding in the cove. They were in no hurry to get out, as Yankee Doodle was apprehensive of rough water outside, so he decided to remain there during the day and overhaul the little tug to see if anything necessary was to be done towards keeping it in perfect ship shape.

He permitted half the crew to go ashore and assist the fishermen's families in their fishing.

They were engaged in that work along in the middle of the afternoon, when they were startled by a volley of rifles from the woods on the opposite side of the cove. Bullets whistled all around them, striking the tug in many places, while one passed through the hat of Yankee Doodle, knocking it off his head into the water. Strange to say, not a man was hurt.

Yankee Doodle wheeled, and looked in the direction whence the bullet came, but could see nothing save a little gray cloud of smoke rising above the bushes on the hill-side.

Without uttering a word he sprang to the rapid-fire gun, and trained it upon the spot from which the smoke was seen rising, and the next moment sent a stream of bullets pouring into the bushes. He kept up the fire for a couple of minutes, during which time he had sent more than a thousand bullets at the unknown enemy. Then he stopped and waited to see the results, but he could see nothing, for the woods were too dense—but not another shot was fired at the tug.

"Who were they?" Joe asked.

"Spaniards, of course," was the reply.

"Did you catch sight of them?"

"No; haven't seen a man."

"How do you know they were Spaniards, then?"

"Oh, I'm pretty good at guessing, and I guess we had better get out of here, too, for I'm afraid of an enemy I can't see," and he ordered the Cubans on shore to come aboard at once, and to pick up his hat as they came.

Within ten minutes the little crew were aboard, and the tug steamed down towards the entrance of the cove and passed out into the open sea. Old Jose was at the wheel talking with old Pedro; and by and by the latter went to Yankee Doodle and said to him:

"Senor, Juan thinks that those who fired upon us up there in the cove were a party of our friends."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "why does he think so?"

"Because he does not believe any small party of Spaniards would penetrate so far into the woods."

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "there's something in that; but why did they fire upon us?"

"He thinks that it was a party of Cubans who did not know that you had captured the tug."

"By George, I hope the old man is wrong," said Yankee Doodle, "and I was wrong for not having the flag up."

"Si, senor," assented the old man.

"Well, I'll go back and make an investigation," and he ordered old Jose to return up to the little village again.

On arriving there he hoisted the United States flag, and sent half a dozen of the crew ashore to make an investigation.

It did not take them long to find out that old Jose's fears were not without good grounds, for out of a party of twenty-two Cubans fully one-half had been killed or wounded.

Explanations were made and the wounded removed down to the huts of the fishermen's families.

"Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "not for my right arm would I have had this thing happen."

"It is unfortunate," said Joe, "but I can't see that either side is to blame. It is a thing that happens among disciplined soldiers in every war."

"Yes, I know, but it is a sad thing all the same, and I am going to remain here until to-morrow morning so as to render all the assistance I can to the wounded."

An hour or so later it was ascertained that the party were a small band of patriots who were making their way through the woods in search of the camp of General Garcia. Yankee Doodle advised the survivors to remain there at the village to take care of their wounded until they were able to do service again, as they could there secure food from the waters of the cove more easily than elsewhere.

The next morning the tug made another start and soon passed out into the open sea, and steamed away in the direction of the little group of islands off the coast of Santa Clara. In a couple of hours they reached the island upon which he had left the crew of the captured schooner. The crew were still there, being unable to get away until some craft should come

along to take them off. The captain appealed to Yankee Doodle to land them somewhere on the coast of the mainland of Cuba, but as they were Spaniards, and therefore enemies of the Cuban Republic, he firmly declined to do so.

"But we will starve here," asserted the captain.

"Thousands of Cubans are starving all over the island to-day," returned Yankee Doodle, "as the result of Spanish policy."

That was a fact well known to the Spaniard, so he was silent—making no reply. The tug then steamed away, going out in the direction of a larger island. Finally passing out into the great channel of the Bahamas, and there, some miles out, they saw a great steamer flying the German flag, going in the direction of Havana.

"Lord, but she's a big one," remarked Yankee Doodle, as he gazed at the magnificent steamer; "yet if that was a Spanish flag flying above her, I'd order her to heave to, or else pepper her from stem to stern."

"Why, she's an iron steamer," laughed Joe; "it would be like shooting peas on a turtle's back."

"Of course," assented Yankee Doodle, "it wouldn't have much effect on the steamer, but I could kill everybody in sight. She is going towards Havana, and if she tries to pass the blockade, the fleet will stop her."

The tug then turned to the left and proceeded leisurely to regain the Cuban coast, which was done inside of an hour or two, after which Yankee Doodle decided to go pretty close in shore, and go westward toward Jucaro and Cardenas to make a close inspection, and see what they could find out about the enemy's operations. The little Stars and Stripes flag was flying above the tug as she was skimming along within a mile of the shore.

Suddenly old Pedro called Yankee Doodle's attention to a girl on the beach who was waving a handkerchief at them.

Yankee Doodle took his spy-glass and gazed at the girl for a few minutes, after which he said:

"She is making frantic efforts to get us to come ashore."

"Then," said Joe, "she must be in need of assistance."

"Very likely; I will find out," and he ordered the boat lowered, and old Pedro and two of the crew entered and rowed ashore.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RESCUED MAIDEN—THE PROMISE OF ASSISTANCE AND HOW IT WAS RENDERED.

YANKEE DOODLE stood on the deck of the tug, with glass in hand, watching the little party in the boat. He could see that the girl was very much excited whilst telling her story to the three Cubans, and finally saw her enter the boat.

When the boat returned to the tug, he saw that the girl was both young and beautiful. He reached down, extended his hand to her, assisting her to the deck of the tug. She could not speak a word of En-

glish, but she poured out a torrent of the most melodious Spanish Yankee Doodle had ever heard.

"What is she saying, Pedro?" he asked of the old Cuban.

"She is telling you, *senor*," he replied, "that her parents have been sent to Cabanas prison, and that an officer of Spanish volunteers has kept her a prisoner for three days, and that she has made her escape running down to the water's edge, with the intention of drowning herself, if she could not otherwise escape."

All Yankee Doodle's sympathies were aroused by her story, and he said to the old Cuban:

"Tell her, Pedro, that I will render her all the assistance in my power, and will take her anywhere she wishes to go, if I can."

When she heard that she gave a cry of joy, seized Yankee Doodle's hand and pressed it to her lips. She said her name was Anita Castillo and that she had friends in the little town of Garcia in the province of Pinar del Rio.

"Ah!" said Yankee Doodle, "I know that place, it is now in the lines of the American army, and once there you will be safe, *senorita*. Do you wish to go there?"

"Si, *senor*."

"Then I will see that you get there."

"Oh, thanks, *senor*," she replied.

"*Senorita*," he returned, "I have a very dear friend whose father's plantation is near the village of Garcia, whose life I saved from the Spaniards in the streets of the little town. Her name is Inez Alvarez."

"Oh, *senor*! I know her! I know her! she is my friend, too."

"Then, *senorita*, you have the sweetest girl for a friend that ever lived," and turning to Pedro, added:

"*Senor* Pedro, you must conduct the *senorita* to the home of *Senora* Alvarez."

"Si, *Senor* Yankee Doodle, I will do so."

Yankee Doodle then turned to Joe, to whom he said:

"Joe, we will now have a chance to see the regiment again, for we will have to go beyond Havana to land the *senorita* somewhere on the coast of Pinar del Rio. We will steam away to the flag-ship, and report to the admiral, after which we will hurry on past Havana as fast as we can."

In a couple of hours more the gallant little tug was alongside the flag-ship. Yankee Doodle went aboard and reported to the admiral, who gave him a written passport that would prevent him from being stopped by the other ships of the fleet.

Armed with that he saluted the admiral and steamed away.

It was fortunate for him that he had the admiral's passport, for each ship of the blockading fleet he attempted to pass stopped him, and the passport alone enabled him to pursue his journey. It was quite a lengthy trip, and night overtook them just as they arrived opposite Mariel, and he decided to cast anchor and wait for daylight before putting the girl ashore.

Early the next morning the gun-boat steamed a few miles west of Mariel at a point where the first section of the American troops had landed. To his very great joy he found a regiment of American troops there for the purpose of protecting other landings that were expected. He lowered the boat, and at once went ashore to communicate with the American officer in command. His passport from the admiral of the fleet insured him the greatest consideration at the hands of the American officer.

He at once made arrangements with the commander of the boat to leave the tug in his charge while he and Joe, with old Pedro as a guide, escorted the fair *senorita* to the plantation of *Senora* Alvarez.

Four horses were supplied them, and within a couple of hours after landing they were mounted and on their way towards the interior. It was quite a long ride, but they had made an early start, and since the occupation of that part of the island by the American forces a good road had been cut by the army engineers. It was about noon when they reached the little village of Garcia, and as soon as they arrived in sight of it, *Senorita* Anita recognized the home of her friend, and with an exclamation of joy pointed it out to Yankee Doodle.

"*Senorita*, do you see yonder house with the new roof?" Yankee Doodle asked her, pointing in the direction indicated.

"Si, *senor*," she replied.

"Well, that is the home of the old nurse of *Senorita* Inez Alvarez. The *senorita* was on that roof watching the battle on the hills a mile away over there, when a Spanish shell struck it and tore part of it away, imprisoning her in the debris. It was I who rescued her just in time to save her life. If your friend here in the village is not able to take care of you, we will go to the home of *Senora* Alvarez, who will receive you as a daughter for my sake."

"For your sake?" she asked, looking at him inquiringly.

"Si, *senorita*; I am to be as a son to her when peace once reigns in Cuba."

"Oh, *senor*!" she exclaimed, her face flushing and eyes dimmed with tears, "I am so glad to hear that, and wish you both joy and happiness. Inez is a dear, sweet girl, and will make you happy if any one in the world can."

"You speak truly, *senorita*," said Yankee Doodle, "and I thank you for your kind wishes."

They entered the village and rode directly to the home of her friend; but ere they dismounted from their horses, it was plainly to be seen that no one now lived there.

Yankee Doodle directed Pedro to inquire among the neighbors as to the whereabouts of the family. All that he could learn was that the family had gone away—where, no one knew.

"Then, *senorita*," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the girl at his side, "we will push on to the Alvarez plantation."

It was a three hours' ride, and twice on the way

Yankee Doodle halted to point out to the young girl spots where fierce battles had been fought between the American and Spanish forces. She was deeply interested, and was amazed that one so young as he should have passed unscathed through such perilous scenes.

In due time they came within sight of the Alvarez plantation, and found that many of the servants, who had long been in the employ of the family, were at work in the fields putting them in shape for a crop.

"That means," said he to Joe, "that so far as this province is concerned, the war is over."

"Yes," responded Joe, "it looks that way."

So large was the estate that they were yet a mile away from the house; but Yankee Doodle instructed old Pedro to inquire of some of the hands whether or not the senora and her daughter were at home. On being assured that they were, he put spurs to his horse, and rode like the wind, leaving the others to follow more at leisure.

As he dashed up in front of the house, he found Senorita Inez and her mother out among the flowers of the garden. They both stared at him, little dreaming at the time who he was. He reined up suddenly at the gate, raised his hat, and called out:

"Senorita!"

"Oh, senor," she cried, and flew with the speed of a fawn towards the gate to meet him.

He sprang from the saddle, caught her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

The senora soon joined them, her face beaming with pleasure, and extended her hand to him. He seized it, bowed over and pressed it to his lips.

"Senora," he said, "I'm glad to see you looking so well, and happy once more to behold my beloved."

"We are glad to see you, senor," she replied; "it is a most unexpected pleasure, for we had heard you had been transferred to the fleet."

"Only for a little while, senora, but it has been well for me that it was done."

"How so, senor?"

"I have been so fortunate as to win a little fame and some fortune under the eyes of the admiral."

"Oh," said Senorita Inez, "you would have done that anywhere."

"I am not sure of that, senorita," he replied, "but I do know that each day I have been absent from you my love for you has grown stronger and stronger every hour," and then he held her hand in his, and told her and her mother the story of the escape and rescue of Anita Castillo on the coast beyond Jucaro, and that he had brought her with him in the hope that she could find a refuge under their roof until her parents could be rescued from Cabanas prison.

"Oh, I am so glad you have brought her!" exclaimed Inez. "She is a dear friend of mine, and I did not know that she was in trouble."

Suddenly she looked up into Yankee Doodle's eyes, and said:

"You will not let her win you from me?"

"No woman on earth can do that, senorita," he re-

plied. "You have my whole heart, and I have no control of it whatever. They are coming now. See!" and he pointed in the direction of the little party as they rode up beneath the great trees that sheltered the road from the scorching rays of the tropical sun.

Inez ran forward to meet Anita, welcoming her in glad, joyous tones long before she reached her side. Yankee Doodle ran after her and assisted Anita from the saddle. The two young girls embraced and wept in each other's arms, after which Inez ran to Joe and gave him a glad welcome also. She did the same to faithful old Pedro. The whole party then returned to the house, leaving old Pedro to look after the horses.

Yankee Doodle and Joe at once made themselves at home, as they had frequently been there before, while Inez and her guest spent an hour together out in her room. Inez placed her wardrobe at the service of Anita, and when they descended to the veranda the fair refugee was daintily dressed and looking as cool as a zephyr.

The young people sat out on the veranda for several hours listening to the story that Yankee Doodle had to tell of his adventures with the fleet. Suddenly he turned to Senorita Inez, and asked:

"Have you seen Dolores since she married?"

"Only once, senor," she laughed, "and then she did not see me."

"How did she look?" he asked.

"She seemed to be happy and contented," she replied, "yet she must never know," and she shook her head.

Anita could not understand English, but frequently Inez would turn to her and repeat in Spanish things that Yankee Doodle had said which she thought might please her.

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed Joe, suddenly; "I'd give a thousand dollars if I could speak Spanish!"

"Why so, senor?" Inez asked.

"So I could talk to the senorita here," he replied.

"I will be your interpreter," said she.

"Oh, thunder!" he said. "What I want to say to her is what I wouldn't care to have others hear. If I could speak Spanish now three would be a crowd."

"Say, Joe, old man," said Yankee Doodle, "are you hit?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and hit hard."

Inez looked at him and laughed, after which she laid her hand on his arm, saying:

"Senor, love can speak any language on earth. If you love my friend you can tell her with your eyes, and if you win her love, she can tell you with hers. Let me tell you she is a good girl, with an angelic disposition and a fine education. Do you wish me to tell her that you love her?"

"I fear she would think me bold and impudent on such a short acquaintance," he replied, "yet you may tell her that I think her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Except my girl, old man," put in Yankee Doodle. Joe smiled and Inez blushed.

"She is as beautiful to me," said Joe, "as Senorita Inez is to you, and so she seems to me the most beautiful of all the earth."

Inez turned and looked at Yankee Doodle, her fine eyes sparkling, and exclaimed:

"What a beautiful compliment, and how beautifully spoken."

"Hanged, if I don't believe the boy is stuck," said Yankee Doodle.

"You bet I am," said Joe, "and I am proud of it," whereat Inez laughed until she became almost hysterical.

She had great difficulty to avoid hurting Anita's feelings, because of her mirth, but later in the afternoon she communicated to her that Yankee Doodle's gallant young comrade was very much smitten with her beauty. Of course, that was pleasing to her, for she was a true daughter of Eve, all of whom are happiest when they know they have won the heart of a man.

The plantation now being in the lines of the American army, no apprehensions of danger from the Spanish were entertained. The two young friends decided to remain there for several days as the guest of the family, as they were under no special orders as regards their time.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

On the third day after their arrival at the plantation, Yankee Doodle and Joe decided to mount their horses, accompanied by old Pedro, and pay a visit to the American camp, and again mingle with the boys of the New York regiment.

Yankee Doodle believed that the postmaster of the regiment had letters from home for him, and he was extremely anxious to get them. Promising Senorita Inez and her mother to return in a few days, they set out on their journey for the camp in the vicinity of Calvarzo. They reached the camp in the middle of the afternoon, and immediately went in search of the New York regiment. But so well known was Yankee Doodle among the other regiments of the brigade, that he was instantly recognized by the soldiers, who surrounded him and gave him a welcome that amounted to an ovation. He shook hands with hundreds of men, and much to his astonishment, he found many of them with copies of New York papers in their possession, in which were printed many stories of his adventures with the fleet and along the coast of the island. When told where the regiment was in camp, he lost no time in going to the colonel's quarters to pay his respects to him.

The colonel gave him a glad welcome, as did the other officers of the regiment, and placed in his hand a package of letters from home. So great was his desire to hear from home that he asked permission of the colonel to sit in his tent and read them. Of course it was granted, and he spent half an hour reading the letters from his mother, sister and friends. They were all well, and had heard of his adventures and were

proud and happy over the fame he had won. When he had finished reading the letters he found that Joe had secured his drum, and had it waiting for him in front of the colonel's quarters. He seized it in his arms and hugged it lovingly to his bosom. Then he hung it about his neck, took the drum sticks in his hands and called to Joe:

"Give us Hail Columbia."

Joe produced his fife, and soon the stirring air was heard throughout the camp. Nearly the entire brigade came rushing to the scene, for the music told them that Yankee Doodle had returned. They were soldiers who had followed him into the very jaws of death. They cheered him until they were hoarse, while Joe changed from one tune to another, giving them all the music they could draw out of it. Then as a finale they again beat the charge as he had often done in the face of the enemy. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The general of the brigade himself came from his quarters to find out the occasion of so much enthusiasm. The music ceased just as the general arrived and he grasped the drummer boy's hand, shook it warmly, and welcomed him to camp again.

"Are you a land lubber, or a seaman?"

"I hardly know which, general," he replied, "as I am pretty badly mixed up with both."

"You seem to be equally successful in both characters," the general remarked.

"Well, I had to be, general," he laughed, "for it was success or death."

"Well," said the general, "how did you learn to run a tug?"

"I didn't run it, general."

"Why, how's that? We heard that you did."

"The tug ran me," he explained; "I didn't run anything but the rapid-fire gun, and you can bet I made that run fast."

He had a royal time in the camp that night, and when he had an opportunity to talk privately with the colonel, he explained to him how he came to be in camp with the consent of the admiral of the fleet, and asked permission for Joe to return with him when he was ready to go.

"I have no objections," said the colonel, "as the fifer has nothing to do in the absence of a drummer."

Joe was overjoyed when Yankee Doodle told him of the leave of absence granted by the colonel.

"Oh," said Yankee Doodle, "I didn't intend to go back without you, Joe, for if the fleet will supply the tug with coal we can probably pick up a fortune by picking up some skulking blockade runner; and at the same time we can knock the Spanish cavalry galley-west along the beach. The admiral wants us to keep open communication between the fleet and the Cubans on shore."

The next day Yankee Doodle told Joe that he wanted to find Dolores and her husband.

"Oh, she's living at the same place," said Joe.

"Have you seen them often since they were married?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Yes, and I don't think I ever met her when she did not ask after you."

"Does she seem to be satisfied since her marriage?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Joe; "but, then, you can never tell about these Cubans."

"Does the man she married seem to be satisfied?"

"Oh, there is no doubt about that," laughed Joe; "he is very much in love with her."

"Has he entirely recovered from his wounds?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I think not, as he has not been put on duty again."

"Well, let's go and see them," and they started off in the direction of the little village about a mile away. They soon reached there, and some children in the street recognized the two boys, and instantly raised the cry:

"Senor Yankee Doodle Americano!"

The wives and mothers ran out of their houses on hearing the cheering of the children, and thus Dolores heard of his coming before they saw each other. She ran out to the gate in front of the little cottage, her face beaming with smiles, and greeted Yankee Doodle warmly.

"I am so glad to see you, senor," she said.

"Thank you, senora," he returned; "I have called to pay my respects to you as soon as I could. I am glad to see you looking so well and hope you are happy."

"I am not unhappy, senor," she said. "I don't know that I can ever be happy again; but I have a good husband who loves me, and so I am satisfied."

"Senora, any one who has a good husband that loves her ought to be satisfied."

"Si, senor," she answered, "I am satisfied."

"I am glad to hear it," said he, "and hope you may always be so," and then he inquired after her mother and some of her friends, after which he shook hands with her and returned with Joe to the camp.

"Joe, old man," he said, "I shall always regard Dolores as the most remarkable woman I have ever seen."

"Yes," said Joe, "for she was certainly the most dangerous woman at one time you ever ran across."

"Indeed she was," assented Yankee Doodle; "and I am free to say that I would rather have a dozen Spaniards seeking my life than one vengeful woman."

Once more in camp he spent the afternoon and evening talking with friends in every company of the regiment, and finally at a late hour shook hands with them all, saying that he would leave early the next day.

Just as the sun was rising on the following morning Yankee Doodle and Joe, accompanied by old Pedro, mounted their horses and rode away in the direction of the Alvarez plantation. They crossed the trocha, which had now been practically destroyed by the American troops, and leisurely rode forward over ground, every inch of which had been stubbornly contested by the Spaniards.

On reaching the plantation they were gladly wel-

comed by the ladies, who set before them delicious fruits and sweetmeats. They spent two days more at the splendid home of the Alvarez family, and were exceedingly loath to leave. By that time Joe was very much in love with the fair refugee, while she seemed to be very much flattered by his devotion. As for Yankee Doodle and Senorita Inez, they were two as happy lovers as the sun ever shone upon. But Yankee Doodle dared stay no longer, so they bid adieu to the ladies and resumed their journey towards the coast west of Mariel. They arrived there about sunset, and found the little tug riding at anchor a short distance from the shore. The crew were glad to see them back, for they were weary of their close quarters and having nothing to do. Besides, their rations were exhausted, and Yankee Doodle had to apply to the commandant of the camp for a two days' supply of rations. The commandant very promptly supplied his wants, and the tug steamed away the next morning flying the American flag.

As they were passing in front of the works at Mariel, the little flag excited the anger of the Spaniards, who at once opened fire on them from the battery, although they were two miles away. The shot from one of the big guns passed close over the little tug, and another struck the water about a hundred yards in its wake, while still another passed across the bow.

"If I were a mile nearer in," said Yankee Doodle, "I'd give them a salute from my battery."

"Well," said Joe, "we'd better get away from here as quick as we can."

"What are you afraid of?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I'm afraid of being hit with one of those big shells," was the reply.

"Oh, they can't hit us, except by accident."

"Maybe not," returned Joe, "but that would finish us about as quickly as any other kind of a hit."

"Quite right," laughed Yankee Doodle; "but we are not hit yet."

"Quite true; and I hope we won't be."

The little tug kept on its way, and was soon out of range of the batteries on shore, going in the direction of the fleet lying in front of Havana.

Old Morro Castle stood grim and gray at the entrance to the harbor, with great guns pointed at the blockading fleet out in front. The two boys looked at it, and Yankee Doodle said:

"That old fortress has stood there for more than two hundred years, Joe. This year will see the end of it, for the big guns of Sampson's fleet will knock it to pieces when the time comes for the attack."

"It looks to me like a big job," remarked Joe.

"Yes, but Sampson has guns big enough for it. Why, I've seen his gunners hit a battery four miles away at the first shot, tearing it all to pieces."

"Well, I'd like to be here when the fight opens," said Joe.

"So would I, for it will be the greatest of the century."

They passed on, and late in the day ran alongside the flag-ship of the fleet. Yankee Doodle went aboard and reported to the admiral, who received him cordially.

He was then informed that he was to remain with the fleet, by order of the general of the army, until further orders; and there, gentle reader, we leave him until called upon to record other perilous and daring deeds under the flag of his country.

[THE END.]

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